

DAMN NATION

by

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Based on the *Dark Horse* comic:

DAMN NATION

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The world is dark.

Even the cold light of day is stagnant with an oppressive aura, impossible to escape from.

FADE IN:

A sickly, orange sun cascades its dirty amber light across...

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

...as we glide along the coast, following in the wake of a BLACK HAWK helicopter. Ripples of shimmering heat distorting our view.

The helo comes to settle on the...

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - DAY

...an impossibly large shipping and container port - 'The Cargo Gateway of the Americas.' A beehive of activity.

An overweight, bespectacled, balding man, DR. LANSING (45), unsure of himself, steps off the helo into insufferable Miami heat. Doesn't have a clue where he is.

He shouts over the ROAR of spinning rotors to one of the helo's onboard soldiers...

DR. LANSING
Where... where do I go?

The soldier points past him at the crowds of busy workers.

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)
What... where? I don't...

The Black Hawk rises. High pressure wind whipping up at Lansing. He cowers away. Is this even the right place?

Then, a voice...

VOICE (O.S.)
Dr. Lansing?

He turns to see SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (39), female, authoritative and overly ambitious.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
I'm Special Agent Childs. We spoke on the phone.

DR. LANSING
Why am I here?

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
Because I sent for you.

DR. LANSING
I mean, what's the situation?

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
Walk with me, Doctor.

Childs moves with purpose through the port. Lansing trails by her side, struggling to keep pace.

DR. LANSING
Your office told me I'd be briefed on the way, but --

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
My office?

DR. LANSING
Yes. The Department of Homeland Security.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
I'm afraid you made an incorrect assumption, Doctor.

DR. LANSING
I did?

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
I don't work for Homeland Security.

Childs snaps to a stop, looking Lansing in the eye.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (CONT'D)
They work for me.

She takes off again. Lansing quickly follows.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (CONT'D)
A team from your Miami division is already in play, but everyone says Atlanta's the best. Right now, that's exactly what I need.

DR. LANSING
Need for what? Aside from some unconfirmed reports of a potential bio-threat, I've been told absolutely zero.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
Good. That's one less person I
have to shoot.

Lansing's face drops. Not sure what to do with that.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (CONT'D)
Relax, Doctor, I'm kidding.

DR. LANSING
Special Agent Childs, I realize
we're talking issues of national
security here... but... I don't
like being kept in the dark like
this. Now I need you to tell me
what the hell is going on!

Childs stops dead again. Turns to face Lansing.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS
Actually, Doctor, we were hoping
you could tell us.

She gestures to something over his shoulder. He turns to
see...

...a GIGANTIC FREIGHTER SHIP. Black and rusted. The sound
of tortured steel, groaning like it was a living creature.
Black helicopters buzzing around it like flies.

Hordes of military scientists in smudged yellow BIO-HAZARD
suits swarming over its surface.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (CONT'D)
Time to suit up, Doctor.

INT. TEMPORARY COMMAND TENT - DAY

Lansing and Childs squeeze into their hazmat suits...

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*Coast guard found it early this
morning, floating adrift about five
miles out.*

Assistants help Lansing attach his helmet and breathing
apparatus.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*It's Russian, out of Port Murmansk.
All three hundred some-odd crew
members dead. God only knows how
it ended up in our backyard.*

Childs hooks up Lansing's oxygen tank.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*Apparently they were bound for
 Lithuania with a shipment of mining
 equipment and Apatite concrete.
 Truth is, they were actually
 smuggling illegal soviet arms.*

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - DAY

As we circle the giant ship from above...

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*Initial inspection revealed a
 sizable cache onboard. AK's,
 shoulder-fired rockets, a scary
 amount of weapons-grade
 plutonium... you know, the usual.*

Childs and Lansing climb the ramp onto the top deck.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*But then we found something
 decidedly... unusual. That's where
 you come in.*

In the heart of the ship, down on the daylight-deprived...

INT. LOWER DECKS

...MIKE HARDING (35) and LOU TERRENCE (38), already suited up, explore the freighter's cavernous underbelly. Silent, except for the *ECHO* of dripping water.

LOU
 I'm seriously considering a
 different line of work.

Their flashlights struggle to cut through the dark, catching glimpses of: arms, hands, feet, fingers. Dozens of CORPSES scattered everywhere. Flesh grey and leather-like.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*At first, we thought it might be
 radiation poisoning from one of the
 plutonium cores. But when
 radiation levels proved nominal, we
 started to suspect the worse...*

Lou's flashlight sweeps over an ARM, rigid and stiff, its hand curled into a CLAW.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*...some type of experimental
bio-weapon. Something we haven't
seen before. Something real nasty.*

The corpse's eyes, black and soulless, stare into infinity.
Its face locked in a painful expression. Gumline receded.
Sharp teeth clenched tight. Grotesque and disturbing, even
for these guys.

LOU
How many bodies we pull outta here
already?

MIKE
Too many.

LOU
You see the one Rivers found in the
engine room? I mean, damn, makes
this guy look like Brad Pitt.

Mike moves to a heavy steel door.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS (V.O.)
*Ready for the kicker? According to
ship's manifest, it set sail over
sixteen years ago. That's been
confirmed by both NSA and reliable
sources inside the Russian
Intelligence community.*

The door *CREAKS* as Mike pushes it open.

MIKE
Did we check this room already?

Inside, another pile of *ROTTING* corpses.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're right, Lou... we should
definitely consider a different
line of work.

LOU
Times like these, you really gotta
appreciate the words "hermetically
sealed."

EXT. TOP DECK - DAY

Childs stands over Lansing as he kneels beside a body bag.
Just one of MANY, dozens upon dozens, that line the deck.

DR. LANSING

Well, I can see why you called me.
The symptomology here isn't
consistent with any known
pathogen... man-made or otherwise.

Lansing unzips the bag, closely inspecting the corpse's face.
He rubs his gloved hand over its clenched teeth.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS

We're pretty sure it's man-made.

DR. LANSING

Oh, why is that?

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS

Because mother nature just ain't
that big a bitch.

Lansing zips it shut -- but the zipper snags halfway along...

DR. LANSING

You don't know mother nature like I
do then.

...the corpse's BLACK EYES stare up Lansing -- as he
desperately struggles with the zipper. They could almost be
looking DIRECTLY at him. His anxiety spiking...

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)

Regardless, I can guarantee we're
dealing with something completely
outside the normal realm of --

Lansing finally gets the zipper unstuck, sealing the body bag
-- but the corpse TWITCHES --

-- Lansing snaps up onto his feet, backing away. Did that
really just happen?

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS

What is it? What's wrong?

DR. LANSING

It... it moved.

SPECIAL AGENT CHILDS

C'mon, Doctor --

DR. LANSING

Look, I spent ten years as Chief of
Medicine at Crawford Long, another
three heading up the C.D.C's
bio-terrorism task force.

(MORE)

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)
I think I know the difference
between moving and not moving, and
I'm telling you... that body just
moved!

The body bag TWITCHES again. No mistake about it this time.
Childs slowly backs away.

The other body bags around them start convulsing too. Dozens
and dozens and dozens. The entire upper deck, like a
graveyard, squirming and writhing all around them.

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)
My god...

INT. LOWER DECKS

Mike and Lou still edging slowly through the maze of the
ship. Flashlights running low on power.

As they pass another corpse, unbeknown to them, its fingers
gently flex.

MIKE
Come on, let's finish off B deck
and get the hell out of here. This
place is starting to give me the
creeps.

Somewhere behind them, they hear a subtle but definite
CLAWING sound -- stopping them dead in their tracks, frozen
with fear.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Please tell me you just heard that.

LOU
Please tell me you didn't.

Their own heavy breathing is amplified in their ears.

MIKE
Should we turn around?

LOU
No.

They slowly turn their heads, looking over their shoulders
into a veil of darkness behind them. Lou raises his
flashlight --

-- catching sight of "corpses" standing upright -- tall,
murky shapes that we glimpse only for a second...



...followed by a deafening, unnerving *SCREECH*.

CUT TO BLACK:

Another time. Another place. The United Kingdom...

EXT. LONDON SUBURBS - NIGHT

...to be exact. A row of townhouses drenched in endless rain and fog.

SUPER:

FIVE YEARS LATER

A *BUZZING* sound takes us inside --

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

-- a vibrating cell phone on a nightstand. A hand reaches over. CAPTAIN JOHN COLE (41), all-American face, hard-edged and cynical, not much he cares for anymore, including himself. Perpetual tiredness in every bone in his body.

He reads the name flashing on the screen: POTUS. Answers it.

CAPTAIN COLE
(into phone)
Cole.

He sits on the edge of his bed, listening, as he pops the lid on a bottle of pills. Knocks some back. Washes them down with his bottle of whiskey.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Okay, I'll be ready.

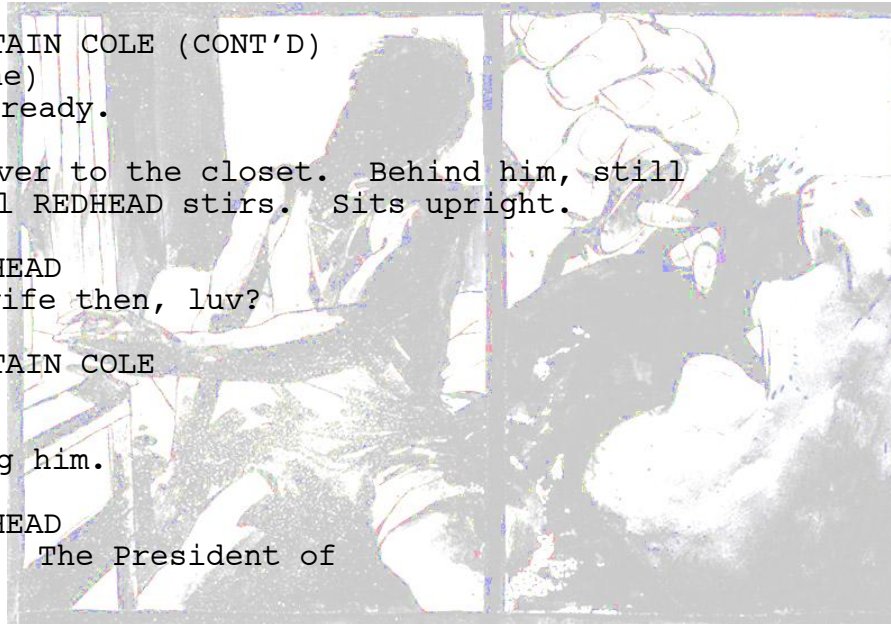
He hangs up. Staggers over to the closet. Behind him, still under the covers, a local REDHEAD stirs. Sits upright.

REDHEAD
Was that the wife then, luv?

CAPTAIN COLE
The President.

She laughs, not believing him.

REDHEAD
The President? The President of what?



CAPTAIN COLE

Exactly.

The redhead lights a cigarette.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Get up. Get dressed. Get out.

REDHEAD

You sure about that, luv? Still got a bit of time on the old meter.

CAPTAIN COLE

I'm sure. Money's on the dresser.

REDHEAD

Right then. Guess I'll be on my way then.

She hops out of bed. Reaches for the money next to his wallet.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Had a real nice time, and I'm not just saying that.

As Cole, back to her, pulls on his pants and shirt, she reaches for his wallet, quietly opening it...

CAPTAIN COLE

Looking for a tip?

Cole doesn't even need to turn around. Embarrassed, the redhead drops the wallet.

REDHEAD

...I... I was just...

CAPTAIN COLE

It's all right. Take it. Won't be needing that where I'm going.

Without question, she takes the money from the wallet. Grabs her purse and coat. Heads out the door.

Cole knocks back more whiskey -- but his bottle runs empty.

In the kitchen, he searches cabinets, desperately looking for his fix.

Wrenches open the fridge, nothing in there either.

He pulls a small bottle off a shelf, but that's empty too. Frustrated, he smashes it into the sink.

He looks everywhere, but there is none.

He puts his back against the wall, sliding down it to the floor. Buries his head in his hands.

-- then, the *DOORBELL* rings. He knows his ride is here.

EXT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cole, somehow a little more pulled together now, steps out of his apartment into hard rain, greeted by a soldier holding the door open to a black SUV. He slides inside.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cole glares through the rain soaked windows as it moves through the filthy, bleak underbelly of the city.

He sits forward in his seat, looking up front to the driver and another passenger soldier - ERIC WINTERS (38), British, an old BATTLE SCAR running down his face.

CAPTAIN COLE

You mind if we make a stop?

Winters doesn't reply. He just stares ahead. All business.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Hey, pretty boy, I asked if we can make a stop?

Still no answer -- but Cole gets the message. He mellow back into his seat.

EXT. SECURITY GATE - NIGHT

The SUV pulls up to the entrance of a military airbase.

The guard steps out from his booth holding a file. He taps the driver's window. It rolls down.

Winters flashes his ID. The guard looks to his list.

GUARD

I'm sorry, I don't have you on my list. I have no record of --

WINTERS

Call your supervisor.

GUARD

I'm sorry, sir, but if you're not on my list, then he'll just say the same --

WINTERS

Call - your - supervisor! Now!

The guard takes a breath. Eyes Cole in the backseat. Then heads into his booth and picks up the phone.

Cole watches the guard make a call, but is unable to hear what he says. After a moment, the guard steps out again...

GUARD

Sorry, gentleman, go on through.

He lifts the security arm, pointing them ahead.

EXT. AIRBASE - NIGHT

The SUV pulls to a stop on the runway. Cole steps out to see a huge AC-130 TRANSPORT PLANE with the rear door ramp open.

A huddle of BRITISH SOLDIERS milling around it.

As Winters rolls up his window, with a sneer...

WINTERS

Good luck, Captain.

His SUV takes off, just as another one pulls up. Out steps:

ANDREW LYNCH (36), American soldier, overzealous, overconfident, over-everything. A real hot-head. The kind of guy who can have an argument in an empty room.

He makes eye contact with Cole.

LYNCH

Hey, they tell you anything about what this is all about?

CAPTAIN COLE

Not much.

LYNCH

You're American? Thank fuck, I thought this was going to be an all British operation. Kill me now. I guess we're on a need-to-know basis or some shit.

Lynch lights a cigarette. Continues his one-sided conversation:

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Well, considering they dragged my
ass outta bed at this goddamn hour,
I really do need to know what the
fuck is going on.

Lynch looks up. Rain hitting his face. Flicks his cigarette away.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
What a fucking shithole.

He reaches out his hand to shake Cole's.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
The name's Lynch by the way.

CAPTAIN COLE
Cole.

Over by the group of British soldiers, we find:

JIM EDGAR (45), East London cockney, volatile, stained yellow teeth, whispering into his friend's ear:

EDGAR
(Re: the Americans)
Who the hell invited these wankers?

DUNCAN MCKAY (51), Scottish, built like a brick shithouse, laughs out loud.

NORMAN BROWNE (28), shaved head, brash and cocky, the youngest of them all. Hooked on girls, drink and drugs, when he's not working.

BROWNE
Don't worry, we'll teach these
Yanks their place.

ANTHONY WELLS (34), quiet, likes to keep to himself. But his silence is threatening. Eye-fucks you every time he looks your way.

JAMES SANDHURST (37), Yorkshire man, thick accent. Doesn't know the meaning of subtlety.

Another black SUV pulls up. Out steps:

LIEUTENANT EMILIA RILEY (40), British, well educated, dangerously intelligent. Her presence and authority impossible to ignore.

She strolls around the group holding out her hand. The British soldiers handing her their dog tags.

She approaches Cole and Lynch, palm open.

LYNCH
What's this about?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Tags.

LYNCH
Why do you want our tags?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
I'm not asking.

LYNCH
Geez, okay, okay... no one's wanted my tags before.

Lynch hands them over. Cole takes his off from around his neck. Riley takes them -- but Cole doesn't release his grip.

CAPTAIN COLE
I want these back.

She glares at him, then wrenches them free from his hand.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
You'll get them back when I'm ready to give them back.

Lynch, shaking his head, watching Riley walk away...

LYNCH
Looks like we got ourselves a real ball breaker.

Cole and Lynch proceed to the plane. As they do, Cole glances over to another runaway in the distance, running parallel to they're on.

Through the heavy rain, he can make out another AC-130 transport plane and another huddle of soldiers boarding it.

CAPTAIN COLE
Who are those guys?

Sandhurst steps forward.

SANDHURST

Ain't none of your business who
they are, flower. You lads
shouldn't even be 'ere. Why don't
you just let us do what we do best,
okay? Ta, mate.

Lynch whispers...

LYNCH

Ever get the feeling you're not
welcome someplace?

CAPTAIN COLE

Yeah, they seem real friendly.

Riley, seeing another SUV pull up with the last few American
soldiers, walks up the ramp, calling out to everyone...

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Let's go, gentlemen. Time waits
for no man.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The plane slowly straightens out on the runway, preparing for
take-off, as the rear door ramp closes.

INT. AC-130 - NIGHT

The British guys, all wearing parachute backpacks, sit on the
right-side of the plane, glaring and sneering at Cole, Lynch,
and the other Americans on the opposite side:

LANCE MINELLI (32), New Yorker, a real smartmouth and
goofball. In love with himself.

EVAN TREY (29), a quiet soul, haunted and introspective.
Doesn't like making eye contact.

RYAN GERBER (40), meathead and muscle freak, ex-gang member,
now a trained killer for the military. More ink than flesh.
Hard to read. Not to be fucked with.

Lieutenant Riley opens the door to the cockpit. The PILOT
and CO-PILOT inside. She puts on the radio headset and
microphone.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

(into radio)

Keep the runway lights on, but
clear the control tower.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)
I don't want anyone in there. Is
that understood?

RADIO REPLY (V.O.)
Yes, ma'am.

Overhearing, some of the soldiers share confused glances.

Cole whispers to Lynch...

CAPTAIN COLE
Looks like someone doesn't want
this flight on any official record.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Lights in the top of the CONTROL TOWER go dark.

The AC-130's engines build to a deafening roar as it races
along tarmac...

...and lifting into the air.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Hours later, the AC-130 soars through dark cloudy skies above
the Atlantic, cutting across the face of the shimmering moon.

Spears of LIGHTNING slice through the darkness.

INT. AC-130 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilots flinch -- the plane shaking like hell.

CO-PILOT
Jesus, that was a close one.

The co-pilot leans forward in his seat, looking up through
the windshield.

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)
I don't like this

PILOT
What's to like?

IN THE CABIN

Cole stares at an old, creased PHOTOGRAPH -- a WOMAN holding
a young GIRL in her arms, big smiles on their faces.

Lieutenant Riley stands at the front, stealing Cole's attention.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Okay, gentlemen, I imagine you're all wondering why you're here.

LYNCH
No, I love having my ass dragged across the Atlantic and not being told one word why.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Fourteen hours ago, American intelligence received an encrypted satellite communication from one of its research facilities.

EDGAR
American Intelligence - now there's an oxymoron for you.

The British guys laugh.

MCKAY
Aye, lad, you're telling me.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Simmer down. The message was short and sweet... *"We have the cure."* That's it. Four words.

The laughter fizzles out.

LYNCH
You're kidding me? A cure? What cure? There is no fucking cure.

TREY
Yeah, that's... that's impossible, right?
(beat)
Right?

Riley doesn't answer that.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Contact was subsequently lost and hasn't been reestablished since.

GERBER
Four words, and no confirmation. That's what we're basing this on?



LIEUTENANT RILEY

British intelligence intercepted the transmission too. I apologize for all the cloak and dagger, but secrecy had to be top priority.

LYNCH

Oh, we got an apology. That's nice. I feel so much better.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

The United Nations wasn't about to sanction this type of action... so, my government chose to ignore international treaties and do what they felt was best for the global community. Hence, why this is so covert.

MINELLI

So if we all die, or get stuck there, no one will ever know what we did?

LYNCH

That sounds about right. This day gets better and better.

EDGAR

Do you Yanks ever shut up?

LYNCH

You can always try to make me shut up if you like.

SANDHURST

Man United's playing Leeds, and I'm missing the match for this shite. Unbelievable.

Riley faces the American crew...

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Gentleman, let me clarify one thing for you. This is a British operation. You don't have the resources to spearhead this mission. You're here because we've allowed you to be here, as a gesture of goodwill between our governments. If it was up to me, personally, I'd have left you on the runway.

LYNCH
Trust me, lady, we don't want to be
here either.
(to Cole)
Right?

Cole doesn't answer. Lynch looks to Minelli instead.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Right, Minelli?

MINELLI
Actually... I kinda wanna be here.

LYNCH
(What the fuck?)
Does anyone here have my back?

Suddenly, LIGHTNING whips past the cockpit windows -- the
entire plane reverberating.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

MCKAY
Were we just hit?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Relax, we're okay.

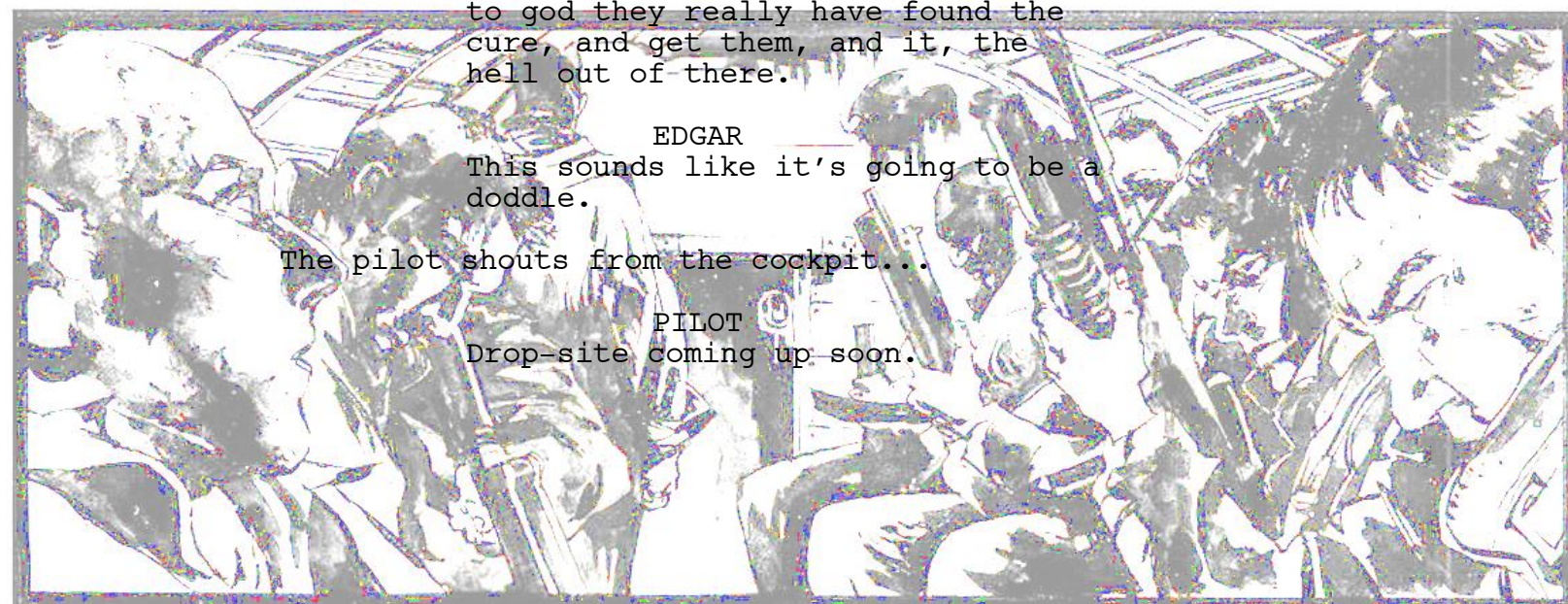
GERBER
Come on, Lieutenant, get to the
good part. Where are we going and
what are we doing when we get
there?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Upstate New York. Just outside of
Buffalo. We're going to find the
people who sent that message. Pray
to god they really have found the
cure, and get them, and it, the
hell out of there.

EDGAR
This sounds like it's going to be a
doddle.

The pilot shouts from the cockpit...

PILOT
Drop-site coming up soon.



Riley hits the door controls. The dim lights in the cabin turn RED. The rear ramp opens. A gust of high pressure wind whips through the open craft.

Lightning spears across the sky.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Okay boys, final checks. Let's get
ready to make our jump.

Cole spots something in the distance, far behind them. He squints his eyes, seeing two AIRCRAFT, gaining on them fast.

CAPTAIN COLE
What the...?

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Close-on: a pair of unmanned reaper DRONES, aggressively pursuing the AC-130. Missiles under each of their wings.

INT. AC-130 - NIGHT

Riley clocks the drones. Her eyes going wide. She shouts to the pilots...

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Reaper drones, incoming!

In the cockpit, the pilot's dashboard lights up -- alarms *BLARE* -- warnings flashing on their monitors.

PILOT
Jesus Christ... missile lock!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Drone-one fires two MISSILES -- each one slicing through the night air.

INT. AC-130 - NIGHT

PILOT
Hold on, hold on, hold on!

The pilots pull at their throttles -- banking hard...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The plane dives, corkscrewing down through the air -- each missile barely missing the plane by an inch -- then disappearing into dark clouds.

INT. AC-130 - NIGHT

The soldiers tumble forward, down through the almost-vertical cabin, before it levels out again.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
(to pilots)
Get us out of here.

Cole races to a cargo box, wrenching open the lid -- inside, he pulls out a FLARE GUN -- loads it, just as...

...drone-two fires a MISSILE. Cole pushes past Lynch -- firing the flare out the rear...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

...the hot sulphured flare attracts the drone's missile -- diverting it away from the AC-130 -- both disappearing into the night.

INT. AC-130 - NIGHT

The plane banks fast and hard -- but it's hit by a pocket of extreme turbulence -- throwing the soldiers off their feet --

-- violently slamming Browne into Trey -- breaking his nose -- and tossing them both out of the rear into mid-air --

LIEUTENANT RILEY
We're jumping. Get ready, we're
gonna jump now --

But another incoming MISSILE forces the pilot to make a drastic turn -- throwing all the soldiers up at the ceiling --

-- the missile barely missing them, and going wide.

...but Cole loses grip of the flare gun -- sliding away from him toward the open ramp -- teetering on the edge.

He crawls toward it, catching it just as it falls -- he reloads another flare...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

...just as drone-two releases its last missile --

-- Cole fires his flare -- each one hitting each other --

-- DETONATING in mid-air -- explosive debris slicing through drone-one -- cutting through its wing --

-- drone-one spins aimlessly back to Earth, black smoke pouring from it, disappearing below cloud level.

But drone-two speeds past the AC-130, far overshooting it --

-- then circles back around -- heading straight at it --

-- firing its onboard MACHINE GUNS -- riddling the cockpit and cabin with fist-sized holes --

INT. AC-130 - NIGHT

-- killing the co-pilot -- and ripping through the pilot's stomach -- his blood spraying -- but he's still alive.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
 (to her men)
 Go, go, go.

The men struggle to get back on their feet -- race to the open ramp -- JUMPING out, one after the other.

The last three -- Lynch, Cole and Riley -- are thrown hard against the walls as turbulence pulls at the plane --

-- knocking Riley UNCONSCIOUS.

The pilot, blood pouring from him, shouts from the cockpit...

PILOT
 Go, get out of here, now!

Cole and Lynch climb to their feet. They see drone-two at the rear, heading right at them -- firing its last MISSILE.

Cole pushes Lynch.

CAPTAIN COLE
 Don't wait for me.

Lynch jumps free of the plane.

Cole drags Riley's unconscious body to the ramp -- jumps -- pulling Riley with him --

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

-- just as the incoming missile hits -- *KA-BOOOOOOOOOM!* --

-- erupting into a giant ball of fire -- a concussive mid-air shockwave ever expanding --

Cole, freefalling -- 160 mph -- twisting and turning in the air -- loses his grip on Riley --

-- he desperately reaches out for her -- cyclonic winds ripping up at them -- pulling her away --

CAPTAIN COLE
Open your chute!

He flails -- spins -- tumbles back into her body -- but loses his grip again.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Riley, your chute, wake up! Open
your chute!

She sluggish eyes slowly open.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Wake up! Open your chute!

He slams into her again -- this time keeps his grip.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Riley!

He reaches up -- fingertips glancing her pull-cord -- he wrenches it hard --

-- her parachute whips out -- like a mid-air brake, the air catching her, snapping her free from Cole --

-- he plummet to Earth at insane speed -- ground rushing up to meet him -- he quickly scrambles for his own cord -- pulling it hard -- and his parachute billows.

He slowly sinks to earth. Takes a well-earned breath. Closes his eyes.

MOMENTS LATER...

...the calm after the storm. Dark silhouetted figures sink down through the night sky.

McKay lands first, kicking up dust as he drops into a...

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

...stumbling over and over, before coming to a rest.

One by one, spread over a long area of land, they hit dirt, thumping down to the ground.

CLOSE ON: Lynch -- alone, unclipping his chute, lost, trying to get his bearings.

He takes a swig of water. Then starts to roll up his parachute --

-- but he hears a *RUSTLING* noise somewhere behind him. Snaps his weapon up.

LYNCH

Who's that? Cole, is that you?

No answer.

-- but more movement to his side -- he whips his gun around. Tall grass shuddering. Something moving through it.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

What the... ?

Nervous sweat pouring down his forehead.

ELSEWHERE IN THE FIELD

ON COLE: hitting the ground. Not far behind him, Riley, now awake, touches down too. A little disorientated.

CAPTAIN COLE

That was a close one.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

What... what happened? Did everyone make it?

CAPTAIN COLE

Not your pilots.

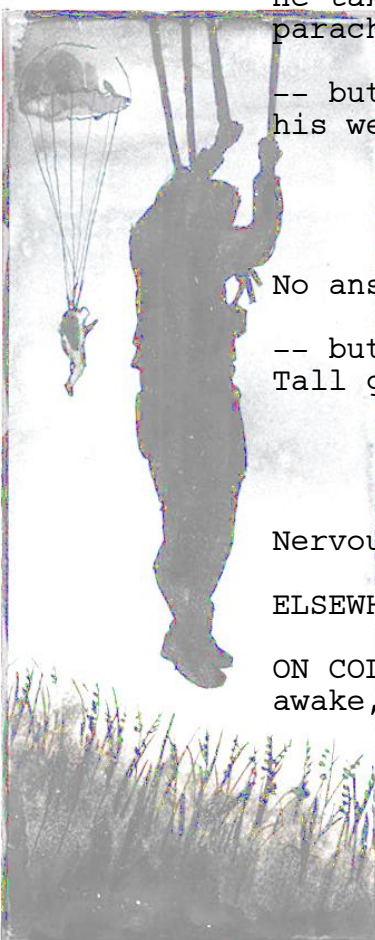
She stares through him, can't believe it went this bad, this fast.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Are you alright?

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Me? Yes... I'm fine. I think.



CAPTAIN COLE
Who were those guys?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
The drones? Hard to say. French.
Chinese. Could be anyone. They
monitor the coast pretty closely.

CAPTAIN COLE
They don't want anyone getting in?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Getting in is not so much the
issue. They don't want to risk
anyone getting back out again
carrying the infection with them.

They unclip their parachutes. Prep their weapons.

CAPTAIN COLE
This doesn't look like Buffalo.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Yes, well, we couldn't chance
satellite surveillance over an
urban area. We know the French
monitor those pretty closely. But
we're only a few miles out.

BACK WITH LYNCH:

Spinning in circles -- all around him long grass SHUDDERS...

LYNCH
(under his breath)
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

Behind him, Sandhurst silently glides to Earth -- then HITS
with a *THUMP!*

Lynch spins -- a hair trigger away from killing him --

SANDHURST
Whoa! What the bloody hell are
doing?

A loud *ROAR* in the grass -- Lynch turns again -- this time
letting rip -- *BUDDA!* -- *BUDDA!* -- *BUDDA!* -- *BUDDA!* --
unleashing a fury of bullets --

-- his assault rifle ripping up earth.

On EDGAR: diving for cover as gunfire cuts past him.

On GERBER: hitting dirt.

GERBER
What's the fuck is happening?

On RILEY and COLE: shouting into their radios...

LIEUTENANT RILEY
(into radio)
Who's firing? Someone answer me,
who's firing, damn it?

On LYNCH and SANDHURST: -- BUDDA! -- BUDDA! -- BUDDA! --
BUDDA! -- Lynch empties his clip, quickly reloads -- BUDDA! --
BUDDA! -- BUDDA! -- BUDDA! --

-- unleashing hell on shuddering grass --

LYNCH
Jesus, they're everywhere. They're
all around me.

Sandhurst, just as spooked...

SANDHURST
What are you talking about? Where?

On RILEY and COLE: hauling ass towards the sound of gunfire.

CAPTAIN COLE
(into radio)
Hold your fire.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
(into radio)
Riley on comm. I am ordering you
to hold your fire.

On LYNCH: as he empties another clip, about to reload -- just
as Cole and the others arrive, grabbing his arm --

CAPTAIN COLE
Stop!

They look around, see nothing but -- a DEAD COW -- three of
them -- shredded with gunfire.

EDGAR
Nice one, mate. Guess this means
you're not an animal lover.

LYNCH
What the... how... how was I
suppose to know?

MCKAY

Try listening for the "moo." It's
a dead giveaway, pal.

Lynch storms over to Riley, anger dripping off him.

LYNCH

This is your fucking fault!
Sending us into the fucking middle
of this fuck hole, almost getting
our fucking asses blown out of the
fucking sky.

MINELLI

Hey, Lynch, say fuck one more time.

LYNCH

Fuck, man!

Riley, calm, steps up to Lynch.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

I'm sorry. Did I forget to mention
that this is supposed to be a
covert operation?

She looks around at the dead cows and spent shells.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

Splendid job you did here.

LYNCH

Listen, lady --

-- WHACK! -- in a flash, Riley PUNCHES him, his nose erupting
with blood, knocking him to the ground.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

No, you listen, I'm not your lady.
I'm your commanding officer. You
don't like it, fine. But for the
duration of this operation... MY
operation... you will bloody well
deal with it.

LYNCH

Fuck you!

LIEUTENANT RILEY

That's fuck you, Lieutenant, or
fuck you, Sir! Got it?

She looks to the others.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

Now the rest of you, lose the
chutes and get ready to move out.
I want us in Buffalo before
daybreak.

Riley heads out. Cole looks down on Lynch, not impressed.
He pulls him up.

CAPTAIN COLE

You got balls, kid, I'll give you
that. Keep your mouth shut, she
just might let you keep them.

Then, in the distance...

TREY (O.S.)

Hey, over here. It's Browne.

...the group turn, hearing Trey's calls. They bolt over to
him, finding him standing over...

BROWNE'S CORPSE -- wedged into the dirt -- fallen without an
open parachute --

-- his legs broken and shattered, splintered bones piercing
up through his torso. Neck and spine snapped too. Blood
everywhere.

MINELLI

That might be the most god awful
thing I've ever seen.

SANDHURST

Fuckin' hell, Browne, what you
doing, you daft cunt?

MINELLI

I don't think he's going to answer
you.

TREY

We... we both came down together.
Why the hell didn't he pull his
chute?

GERBER

He probably did. Just didn't open,
I guess. It happens.

CAPTAIN COLE

Let's bury him.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Negative. Time is limited. We
have to move right now.

CAPTAIN COLE
I'm not just gonna leave him --

LIEUTENANT RILEY
That is an order, Captain. I'm not
going to repeat it. We are moving
out, right now.

Riley turns, heads away fast. The group follow, except Cole.
Doesn't want to leave a fallen man. But he knows he has to.

As the team move out -- we CUT TO:

Green NIGHT-VISION POV: watching the soldier's movements from
a distance.

Inside an old, decrepid...

INT. BARN - NIGHT

...a YOUNG LATINO WOMAN (33), lying in hay in the loft,
watches them through night-vision binoculars.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN
Better pack it up, boys.

We sense movement of other people behind her.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN (CONT'D)
If the noise doesn't bring those
things down on us, the blood scent
sure as hell will.

CUT TO:

We glide over the town of...

EXT. BUFFALO - NIGHT

A desolate wasteland of derelict buildings. At least nothing
human lives in them any more. Just a black hole like every
other city.

Dormant freeways. Lifeless shopping malls. Neighborhoods
frozen in time, locked in darkness.



EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

...in the center of town, surrounded by a chainlink fence.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A dark hallway. Broken fluorescent light tubes hanging from the ceiling.

At the far end -- fast moving SILHOUETTES whipping past -- accompanied by an inhuman SCREECH.

We're not alone.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT

A *CLICKING* sound -- *TAP* -- *TUP* -- *CLACK* -- *CLICK*...

...fingers typing on a broken keyboard, most of the keys missing.

Broken computer parts everywhere, re-modified. Exposed wiring roping across the room, jerry-rigged into a working computer. On the cracked screen:

"...wE hAVe th e cUre..."

...Dr. Lansing typing. Five years on, what little hair he has left is now greying. His cracked spectacles held together with duct tape.

A younger man, LEE HOVEN (33), computer expert, standing behind him. And a small child:

ADAM PEARSON (9), shy and scared, standing by Lansing's side. The last three survivors of a much larger group.

HOVEN

Sending the same message a hundred times isn't going to make a difference.

DR. LANSING

How do we even know the message got through?

HOVEN

We don't...

(re: computer parts)

...but given what I'm working with here, I've tried my best.

(MORE)

HOVEN (CONT'D)
Hacking into military satellites
isn't exactly easy at the best of
times.

DR. LANSING
Let's pray someone received our
message then.

HOVEN
Forget receive. Let's pray someone
actually responds.

Suddenly, behind the room's door -- inhuman *SCREECHES* --
emanating from out in the corridors -- they freeze on the
spot -- terrified --

-- the door is suddenly hit with a deafening -- *THUD!* --
THUD! -- *THUD!* -- then abrupt silence again.

Adam holds Lansing's hand. Scared as hell.

HOVEN (CONT'D)
That door's not gonna hold this
time.

DR. LANSING
It'll hold.

HOVEN
We're going to die here.

Lansing glares at Hoven. Eyes angered.

DR. LANSING
Watch your mouth.

Lansing lifts Adam up in his arms, holding him tight, as we
PRELAP:

VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. President?

INT. PRESIDENT'S NEW HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

PRESIDENT WHITFORD (59) stands at the rain-soaked window.
Eternal sadness growing in him.

PRESIDENT WHITFORD
It's raining again. I use to like
the rain.

His ASSISTANT stands behind him, in the doorway.



ASSISTANT

Sir?

PRESIDENT WHITFORD

I take it we still haven't heard anything from the facility.

ASSISTANT

Not since the first message, no sir.

PRESIDENT WHITFORD

And Project Red Hook?

ASSISTANT

The team will be running deep black for the remainder of the mission. But... we...

President Whitford turns to face his assistant.

PRESIDENTIAL WHITFORD

But what?

ASSISTANT

We expected radio communication from the pilot by now, but we've heard nothing.

PRESIDENTIAL WHITFORD

You're telling me we don't even know if our people successfully made the drop?

ASSISTANT

No, we don't. Not as yet.

President Whitford turns back to the window.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

If they did successfully make the drop, we won't hear back from them until they've obtained their objective.

PRESIDENT WHITFORD

I see. Well then, let's pray that they do...

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - NIGHT

Outside the President's new headquarters, located within the Houses of Parliament. The President framed in the window.

Heavy rain lashing down on the building, shrouded by a thick, eerie fog. Crows circling above.

PRESIDENT WHITFORD (V.O.)
...or it looks like we're right
back where we started.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, GREAT BRITAIN - NIGHT

Long blue curtains draped behind a Presidential Advisor, MS. WALSH (39), standing at a podium, inside the press briefing room, in front of a sea of journalists.

MS. WALSH
...armed border patrols and
ultraviolet flash lines reinforced
with thousands of miles of
concertina wire running the entire
length of both the Canadian and
Mexico borders. Believe me,
nothing is getting out of the lower
forty-eight.

A female journalist speaks up:

FEMALE JOURNALIST
But you still haven't answered my
question, Ms. Walsh. How much is
this costing the US?

MS. WALSH
I don't have an exact dollar
figure... but the cost in American
lives is immeasurable.

Another journalist, TED ROBERTS, raises his hand.

TED ROBERTS
Ted Roberts, London Chronicle. I
have it from a reliable source that
the President has authorized a
covert rescue operation on American
soil. Is that true?

MS. WALSH
Well, Mr. Roberts, you might want
to redefine your definition of
"reliable."

TED ROBERTS
So you're denying the allegation?

MS. WALSH
Emphatically. I don't know who
this so-called source of yours is,
but I can assure you, there is no
rescue operation, covert or
otherwise, currently underway in
the US.

TED ROBERTS
How can you be so sure?

MS. WALSH
Because, Mr. Roberts...

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Adam stands by Lansing's side, holding his hand as tight as
he can -- watching the door as the knob RATTLES. Hoven's
eyes going wide with fear.

MS. WALSH (V.O.)
...there's no one left to rescue.

The three of them slowly edging backwards into the corner of
the room.

HOVEN
We... we've got to find some other
way out of here.

DR. LANSING
There is no other way out of here.
Now stop it.
(re: Adam)
You're scaring him.

HOVEN
Me? What about them?
(pointing at the door)
You don't think those fucking
things deserve some of the credit?

Heavy *FOOTSTEPS* outside the door. More and more of them...

Adam tugs on Lansing's hand.

ADAM
Dr. Lansing?

Lansing crouches by his side.

DR. LANSING
Yes, Adam. What is it?

ADAM
I'm scared.

DR. LANSING
I know you are. So am I. But
we're going to be okay. I want you
to do something for me.

ADAM
What?

DR. LANSING
I want you to close your eyes. Do
it now.

Adam closes them tight.

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)
No matter what happens, keep them
shut, nice and tight.

Adam nods. Then, the door shakes violently -- *THUD!* -- *THUD!*
-- *THUD!* -- *THUD!* --

-- WHAM! -- the door flies OPEN with great force.

Riley enters, followed by Cole and the team.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Did someone call for a ride?

HOVEN
Oh, thank god, we thought you --

LIEUTENANT RILEY
God didn't send us. You can thank
the Queen Mum instead.

DR. LANSING
The Queen Mom? This a British
operation?

CAPTAIN COLE
Not entirely. Captain John Cole,
US Special Forces.

DR. LANSING
Well, whoever you are, we're glad
to see you.

Cole looks down at Adam

CAPTAIN COLE
And what's your name, little man?

Adam, too shy to talk, hides behind Lansing.

DR. LANSING
This is Adam.

CAPTAIN COLE
Well, Adam, you're safe now. We're going to get you out of here. All of you.

DR. LANSING
Is that a promise?

Before he can answer, Riley spots an open METALLIC BRIEFCASE.
Inside, three VIALS of liquid serum -- the CURE --

RILEY
Is that it?

DR. LANSING
Yes. I know it doesn't look like much...

Lansing picks up one of the glass vials, holding it up to the light

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)
...but what you are looking at is literally a miracle of modern medicine.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Lovely. All right boys, I want this place secure. Every air vent, rat hole, and foundation crack. I don't want as much as a cold breeze getting in here before sunrise.

Riley goes to pick up the case -- but Lansing grabs it first.

DR. LANSING
If it's alright with you Lieutenant, I'd rather hold on to these myself. They are very, very fragile.

Riley, kinda pissed...

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Very well, Doctor, but that case never leaves my sight. Understood?

Lansing nods.

The team spread out, taking defensive positions throughout the building.

Lansing saddles up to Cole.

DR. LANSING
Your Lieutenant Riley... she always
that friendly?

CAPTAIN COLE
You kidding? That was her friendly
side. Riley's not exactly what
you'd call a people person. But
she'll get us out of here.

As Cole looks around the room...

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
What is this place, anyway? I
thought for sure everyone this
close to the border would have been
evacuated. Especially medical
personnel.

DR. LANSING
It's a long story.

CAPTAIN COLE
It's gonna be a long night, doctor.

DR. LANSING
Well, I was there when it all
started...

We **FLASHBACK** to the Russian freighter ship in Miami...

INT. LOWER DECKS

...images grey and faded, erratic -- as LOU TERRANCE, hazmat
suit ripped, races through dark corridors -- desperately
trying to escape --

-- fast moving, dark blurs on his tail --

-- something suddenly pulls him off his feet -- snatching him
into the shadows -- his flashlight drops, rolling on the
floor -- covered by a spray of blood -- his scream echoing...

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*...still don't know how I managed
to get away.*

EXT. TOP DECK - DAY

Squiring body bags coming to life -- sharp clawed fingers
slashing their way out -- as Lansing runs --

-- other hazmat suited workers running too -- many stopped in
their tracks -- jumped on my hulking fast blurs -- knocked
off their feet --

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Streets falling into chaos -- bite victims turning -- eyes
going black -- transparent veins bulging across their faces --

Quick glimpses of 'infected' people -- HORDES -- rampaging
through the streets -- every image so fast it's a dizzying
BLUR of staccato action --

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*...as the virus moved north, we
moved with it. Eventually we found
this place...*

Lansing, months later in Buffalo, climbing over a chainlink
fence, dropping into the grounds of the...

EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

...and others in his group closely following him.

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
...and decided to dig in...

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Lansing, using medical equipment, testing different blood
samples infected with the virus.

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*We tried to maintain security as
best we could, but this place is
big. We got good at hiding...*

THROUGHOUT THE MEDICAL FACILITY

...members of Lansing's group climb up into ceiling panels --
down into the basement -- locking themselves in small closets
-- inside bathrooms -- inside cabinets -- under floorboards --

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*...but... the infected... they knew
we were in here.*

A room FULL of Lansing's people...

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*There were more than sixty of us in
the beginning, but those numbers
dwindled quickly.*

People in the room fade from our sight. Sixty people become fifty...

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*No matter what we did, no matter
how safe we thought we were...*

Fifty people become thirty...

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
...they would find a way in.

Thirty people become ten...

DR. LANSING (V.O.)
*And they would come back, night
after night, to feed.*

Ten people become three, leaving just Lansing, Hoven and Adam.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Lansing sits down, exhausted, lifting Adam on his lap. He looks up at Cole.

DR. LANSING
Needless to say, Captain, I'm
looking forward to London.

CAPTAIN COLE
Well, it won't be long now, so get
some rest. Sounds like you've
earned it.
(to Adam)
You too, kiddo. We leave at first
light.

EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - ROOF - NIGHT

Trey and Sandhurst patrol the rooftop, looking down on the surrounding grounds for any movement -- but all seems clear.

CUT TO:

SNIPER SCOPE POV: watching the facility from a distance, panning across from Trey to Sandhurst --

-- then moving down to the upper floor windows, seeing Riley and Edgar --

-- then darting across to Hoven and Lansing in another room.

The young latino woman takes her eye away from the scope.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN
Looks like they've picked up a few stragglers.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Later that night: Lansing, Hoven and Adam fast asleep.

In the next room over:

STORAGE AREA

...the team sit around, some snoozing, some playing cards, some cleaning their weapons.

Sandhurst tries to sleep on the floor, but can't get comfortable.

SANDHURST
I tell thee, this is like supping
hot lead, it really is.

EDGAR
So is listening to you talking
bollocks.

SANDHURST
I wasn't doing much talking when
they were in your bird's mouth.
Neither was she for that matter.

EDGAR
(shouting)
You wanna piss with me, sunshine?

MCKAY

Oy, oy, lads, easy there. Don't
get your knickers in a twist.

EDGAR

Tell him to stop gobbing off then!

SANDHURST

Zip it, you gormless twat!

Lynch and Minelli watch the British guys argue from across
the room, confused beyond belief.

MINELLI

These guys invented the English
language, right?

LYNCH

I can't understand a fucking word
they say.

Cole, sitting alone, stares at his old, creased PHOTOGRAPH.
Almost transfixed on the WOMAN and CHILD. Lost in a memory.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (O.S.)

Your file didn't say anything
about you having a family.

Cole looks up to see Riley standing over him.

CAPTAIN COLE

That's because I don't.

Riley, realizing...

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Oh... I'm... I'm sorry for your
loss. May I?

She holds out her hand.

Cole, hesitant at first, hands her the photo.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

They're beautiful.

CAPTAIN COLE

Yes, they are.

She gives it back.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Sun's almost up. Get ready to move out. I want us at the rendezvous by noon.

CAPTAIN COLE

That's a little ambitious, don't you think? Especially with the kid and...

Cole pauses, realizing what she's getting at...

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Hold it... you're not leaving them?

He jumps up onto his feet.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

We're talking about innocent civilians here. A little boy for Christ's sake!

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Keep your bloody voice down.

She ushers him into a more secluded corner of the room.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

You're a soldier, same as me. Our job is to follow orders whether we agree with them or not, and those orders are Lansing and the cure. That's it. The others will only slow us down. This is not a rescue mission. The cure is the only thing that matters. Am I making myself clear?

Cole is too defiant to answer.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

I asked you a question, Captain. Is that clear?

Cole glances over to the men. Most of them listening, but pretending not to.

CAPTAIN COLE

Let me tell you how this is going to go down. First, I'm going to ignore everything you just said. That's gonna keep you alive, and me out of prison.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
I don't think I like your tone,
Captain.

CAPTAIN COLE
Then, I'm going to walk over and
wake that little boy, and tell him
I'm getting him out of this hell
hole, and back to safety.
(beat)
Now, let me ask you a question. Is
that fucking clear enough for you,
Lieutenant?

Riley glances over at the men, all conveniently facing away.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Damn you, Captain, I just gave you
a goddamn order.

CAPTAIN COLE
This is an unsanctioned mission.
Technically, your orders don't even
exist.

Riley, not sure what to say to that -- checkmate.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Fine, have it your way. But if
they fall behind, they stay behind.
They're your responsibility now.

She storms away.

EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

The first light of day glints off the building. The team
move out, weapons raised, scanning their environment.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Marching -- in a long line -- across long distances, over
grassland and through forests.

Adam sitting on Cole's shoulders.

CAPTAIN COLE
Everything okay up there?

ADAM
Uh-hu.



CAPTAIN COLE
Not much longer now.

ADAM
I'm hungry.

Minelli, a little further ahead...

MINELLI
They're British, kid. Trust me,
you'd rather starve.

Cole pulls out a chocolate covered protein bar from his pocket.

CAPTAIN COLE
You're in luck, buddy. My last
one.

Adam peels off the wrapper and bites into it.

FURTHER AHEAD: Lansing catches up to Riley.

DR. LANSING
Lieutenant, who's picking us up
exactly?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Black Hawks. They'll be taking us
to an aircraft carrier in the
Atlantic. From there, we'll go
straight to London, and you'll
coordinate your findings with our
team there.

DR. LANSING
Good. That's good. I haven't
showered in... in a long, long
time. I hope I'll be able to take
a well earned bubble bath first.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
When we get back to Blighty, I
think they'll even throw in
strawberries and champagne too, if
you want.

DR. LANSING
Oh yes, that sounds...

Riley moves further ahead, not wanting to engage in any
further conversation.

AT THE FRONT: Riley catches up to Edgar.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Are you ready?

EDGAR

I'm ready, Ma'am. But we should have left Tom, Dick and Harry behind. They're just going to make this more difficult --

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Nothing's changed. We stick to the plan. I'm sure you can handle a few extra people. Just make it fast, but do it quietly. Go, now.

Edgar subtly slows, dropping back down the long line of marching people, until he's walking side-by-side with Hoven...

AT THE REAR: Hoven lights a cigarette.

EDGAR

Those things will kill you, you know?

HOVEN

These are the only things that kept me going. Had to ration them though. Down to one a day.

EDGAR

So, you don't have a spare?

Hoven, reluctant, gives in. He hands over a cigarette.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Cheers, mate. And who said 'you don't get owt for nowt'? The missus is always trying to get me to stop smoking. No luck yet though.

Edgar lights it, but he stops in his tracks --

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Hold this.

He passes his rifle to Hoven. Kneels down, re-tying his boot laces.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

These bloody things are always coming loose.

As the main group move further on...

HOVEN
We should probably keep moving.

EDGAR
Relax, relax...

Edgar stands.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
We need to talk anyway, mate.

HOVEN
Talk... about what?

Further ahead...

IN THE MIDDLE of the marching men: McKay taps Trey on the shoulder.

MCKAY
Hey, laddie, you mind if we have a quick word?

TREY
Uh... sure, yeah, what you want to talk about?

MCKAY
In private, laddie. It's important.

Trey, confused, saunters off to the side with McKay, talking among themselves, stepping through the treeline to the left.

On COLE: as we watches Trey and McKay rear away. His eyes suspicious. He looks around, spots Edgar at the rear -- alone. Hoven not in sight.

CAPTAIN COLE
Hey, Adam, can you see Mr. Hoven anywhere?

Adam looks in all directions -- but he doesn't see him.

ADAM
Nope.

On TREY: walking through the treeline, with McKay behind him.

TREY
Okay, so what's on your mind --

-- McKay suddenly reaches around, slamming his hand over Trey's mouth -- stabbing a KNIFE through his side --

-- but Trey, almost dead -- involuntarily FIRES a burst of gunfire from his assault rifle.

Cole spins. Lynch too. EVERYONE spins. Snapping rifles up.

LYNCH

Who was that?

The soldiers disperse in all directions.

AT THE FRONT: Riley, rolling her eyes...

LIEUTENANT RILEY

(under her breath)

I said quietly.

She turns to Lansing, looks down at the metal briefcase.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

I'll take that, Doctor.

She raises her sidearm -- *BLAM!* -- blows a hole through his chest.

Cole spins, looking to the front, seeing Riley snatching the case from Lansing's body.

But Edgar, at the rear, OPENS FIRE on the American soldiers.

Lynch, hit in the arm, gets spun around and thrown down.

Minelli catches a bullet through the neck, gargling on blood.

Cole pulls Adam off his shoulder -- dives -- as gunfire streaks past him -- rolls -- using himself as a shield to protect Adam --

-- they take cover behind a thick tree trunk.

CAPTAIN COLE

Stay down.

He raises his rifle -- returns fire at Edgar -- direct hit -- dead before he hits the ground.

He shoots up ahead at Riley -- who dives for cover behind a tree -- then returns fire -- bullets skimming above Cole.

McKay, off to the side in the treeline, pops out for shots --

-- his bullets riddle Gerber -- killing him in a heartbeat.



Lynch desperately crawls for his weapon -- grabs it -- rises up -- taking shots at McKay -- but misses. He dives for cover again.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Lynch, where are you? You with
still me?

LYNCH
I'm here.

CAPTAIN COLE
Cover me.
(to Adam)
I'm gonna draw them away. Stay
low. Do not move.

Cole races off to the right-side, through the treeline -- making his way up toward Riley, weaving in and around trees.

McKay, across the way from Cole, fires everything he's got, but doesn't hit him.

Lynch unloads his clip -- quickly reloads -- spots Sandhurst up ahead -- who has got Cole in his sights --

-- but Lynch puts several shots through Sandhurst's chest.

Riley -- still firing -- click -- empty -- she reloads -- leans out around the tree -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* --

-- Lynch ducks as her gunfire darts over him.

Cole -- moving fast -- spots Wells up ahead -- puts a shot right between his eyes -- races past him.

Lynch spots McKay again, moving along the left-side treeline. Lynch pulls the pin on a grenade -- LOBS it -- far and hard --

-- McKay turns, hearing it land -- no idea what it was --

-- *BOOOOM!!!* -- Riley sees it ripping him in half --

LIEUTENANT RILEY
God damn it!

-- she reloads her weapon --

-- just as the BARREL of a rifle is pushed against the back of her head --

-- Cole's rifle -- as he's now flanked her.

CAPTAIN COLE
Give me a reason.

Riley, sneer on her face, drops her gun, turns to face him.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
You cowboys might want to stop and
think about what --

Cole smashes his rifle across her face -- dropping her to the
ground.

CAPTAIN COLE
Lynch, all clear. Get Adam.

Lynch, already on it, picks Adam up.

LYNCH
Cole, what's going on here, talk to
me, man.

Cole drags Riley out into a clearing. All the British guys
wiped out. She's the only one left.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
This bitch not dead yet? What are
you waiting for?

Cole grabs her by the collar, pulling her up.

CAPTAIN COLE
Talk.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Why? You're just going to kill me.

CAPTAIN COLE
Probably, but how I kill you is
still up for debate.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Come on, Cole, you know how this
works. Your little plague created
a power vacuum. And the only thing
that abhors a vacuum more than
nature, is politics.

LYNCH
What is she talking about?

Cole drops her back to the ground.

CAPTAIN COLE

The cure. They never wanted us to find it.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Wrong. They wanted us to find it. And then they wanted me destroy it so that no one else could ever find it again.

LYNCH

"They"? Who the hell is "they"?

CAPTAIN COLE

England. France. China. Take your pick. With the US out of the picture, everyone else moves up the food chain.

Riley laughs through blooded-teeth.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Something funny?

She points at the setting sun. Light dissipating fast.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

"Food chain." Just a piss-poor choice of metaphors.

Lynch's face drops. Knowing what the night might bring.

LYNCH

We gotta get moving.

Cole pulls Riley up to her feet. Ties her hands behind her back. Whispers into her ear...

CAPTAIN COLE

If I were you, I'd keep my mouth shut and my feet moving. You fall behind, you stay behind.

LYNCH (O.S.)

Hey, Cole, over here.

Lynch finds Dr. Lansing, still alive -- gunshot through his chest, perched against a tree. Cole kneels by his side.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Looks like the bullet ricocheted off the breastplate, missed the heart by inches. He's lucky to be alive.

CAPTAIN COLE
Yeah, well that remains to be seen.

Cole looks out to the setting sun. Not long left.

DR. LANSING
I can walk.

CAPTAIN COLE
Good. Let's get to the extraction point. Now.

Lynch pulls Lansing up onto his feet. They start moving out.

LATER

The group walking through dense forest.

LYNCH
You really think we can trust Riley's Black Hawk pilots?

Riley, overhearing, laughs to herself. Cole puts a gun to her back.

CAPTAIN COLE
You're gonna get us on that helo.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Try again, Cole. You don't have a chance. My pilots know there's a kill order on you.

CAPTAIN COLE
If bullets start flying, you're getting the first one. Got it?

She doesn't reply. Just smirks again.

LATER STILL

The sun almost down, twilight pervading the area. Cole spots the...

EXT. EXTRACTION SITE - DUSK

Two Black Hawk helicopters sitting in a field.

Cole and Lynch raise their rifles, slowly sneaking out into the clearing, edging closer to the helo. Lynch pushes Riley forward, using her as a body shield.

But there are no pilots in sight. Cole and Lynch exchange confused looks. What the hell?

Cole stops, kneels, finding spent shells under his feet.

Lynch looks in the cockpit. Finds a CORPSE on the floor. Flesh ripped from bone. Pools of dry, stagnant blood. Riley sneaks a look.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Oh, that's pretty.

LYNCH

I don't fucking believe this.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

I'd keep it down if I were you.

LYNCH

Fuck you, bitch! I'm about ready to put you out my misery.

CAPTAIN COLE

Lynch, relax.

LYNCH

What are we gonna do now?

Cole, lost for words...

CAPTAIN COLE

I don't... I don't know. Just let me think.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Tick-tock, Captain. Tick-tock.

LYNCH

If you don't put a bullet in her head, I will.

Cole takes a closer look at the helo.

CAPTAIN COLE

Looks like it happened quick.

DR. LANSING

We need to get out of here.

LYNCH

And where the fuck are we supposed to go?

CAPTAIN COLE
Lynch, I told you already, relax.

LYNCH
Unless someone here is a goddamn
pilot, we're shit out of luck.

Lynch looks down at Adam

LYNCH (CONT'D)
You don't know how to fly one of
these things, do you?

Adam shakes his head.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
It was worth a shot, I guess.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
You boys might as well cut me
loose. This is over, for everyone.

LYNCH
Oh, it's over for you, bitch.

Lynch raises his weapon -- but Cole grabs his arm.

CAPTAIN COLE
Knock that shit off.

Suddenly, an unnerving, inhuman -- *SCREECH* -- echoes in the
distance -- a *DEATH CALL* --

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Looks like lunch is up.

CAPTAIN COLE
We need to find cover. There
should be a town in the next
valley.

DR. LANSING
And god knows how many of those
things in between.

CAPTAIN COLE
No choice. Move.

They bolt back through more...

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

-- moving fast -- looking over their shoulders.

More *death cries* somewhere in the distance. Behind them? In front of them? Who the hell knows.

CAPTAIN COLE

Listen up, when they make their play, I want us ready. Form a circle --

LIEUTENANT RILEY

You're quite the leader, Cole. I can't imagine why you've been chewed out so many times before.

Lansing and Lynch exchange concerned looks, not sure what she's getting at. Cole ignores the comment.

CAPTAIN COLE

Keep the circle tight and keep it moving. I'll lay suppressing fire.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

I've read your file, Captain. Remind me again how many people have been killed under your command?

Cole stops -- grabs Riley by the collar.

CAPTAIN COLE

I've not turned my gun on my own people though. Not like you.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

But you've turned your gun on yourself. Isn't that right?

This hits Lynch. Can't believe what he's hearing.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

Military police had to wrestle a gun out of your mouth. Lucky for you, you were so blind drunk you left the safety on.

Cole can't find any words. His angered expression says it all. Riley looks to Lansing and Lynch.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

You people are following someone who got his two last platoons killed. Walked them both into an ambush in Afghanistan. And that's only his most recent screw up. I could write a book --



CAPTAIN COLE
Shut your goddamn mouth!

LIEUTENANT RILEY
(to group)
He's only going to get you people
killed.
(to Cole)
We chose you because you're
unreliable. A burnout with a death
wish. We chose you because no one
is expecting you to make it out of
here in one piece. It makes it
real easy for us to explain the
deaths of you and your men.
(to group)
If you follow him, you're all dead.
You need to get real smart, real
fast.

Cole has nothing to say. Frozen, but not with fear. He
can't calculate a way out of this.

DR. LANSING
Don't let her get in your head.

All eyes on him, and he feels them.

LYNCH
This is one hell of a place to make
a stop. Let's go, man, come on.
Sun is down.

He's right. The sun dissolves below the horizon. Almost
night.

Suddenly -- movement from the treeline -- coming at them fast
-- *SCREECHING* death cries --

Cole snaps his weapon up -- as a feral, vampiric 'INFECTED'
emerges from dense forest --

-- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- Cole fires three shots to its
chest and it crashes to the ground dead.

But another infected *SPRINGS* high -- pouncing at Lynch --
BLAM! -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- catching a headshot and the
creature goes down.

CAPTAIN COLE
Move!

The group take off again. Lansing hanging onto Cole for
support.

Their feet pounding the ground -- but trying to keep their noise levels down -- breathing hard -- not sure exactly where they're heading.

DR. LANSING
I'm just going to slow you down.
Leave me, Cole.

CAPTAIN COLE
Shut up. I'm not leaving you
behind.

DR. LANSING
We both know I'm not going to make
it anyway.

CAPTAIN COLE
Lansing, I'm not going to tell you
again.

DR. LANSING
You stubborn son of a bitch.

CAPTAIN COLE
The only reason that little boy is
still alive is because of you. You
can't leave him now. He needs you.

The group emerge out onto a...

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

A steep incline. A few trashed vehicles near the top. One upsidedown. One burned out wreck. One military HUMVEE with a top hatch -- .50 cal machine gun on top.

CAPTAIN COLE
Get that thing started.

Lynch races over to the humvee. No keys inside. He pulls out the ignition wires, trying to hotwire it.

Cole moves past it, up to the crest of this steep road.

At the top, the road drops away again, another steep decline, leading toward a...

...SMALL TOWN nestled in a valley in the far distance.

Lynch desperately tries to get the humvee started. The engine *STUTTERS* to life -- before dying again. He hits the wheel in frustration.

LYNCH
God damn it.

Riley spots three INFECTED further down the steep road,
spilling out of the forest.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Incoming!

Cole runs to the humvee, takes aim down at them -- taking out
all three. Lynch tries again with the ignition.

CAPTAIN COLE
Come on, Lynch, we gotta get out of
here.

The engine screams to life -- but quickly dies yet again.

LYNCH
Fuck! This thing is dead.

Then, Lansing sees a HORDE of infected even further down the
road.

DR. LANSING
Oh my god...

The horde SCREAM their chilling DEATH CRIES -- racing up the
toward them.

CAPTAIN COLE
Push, we gotta push.

LYNCH
Cole, what the fuck, it won't
start, man.

CAPTAIN COLE
We don't need it to start. We're
gonna roll it. Now push already.

Lynch and Cole push the humvee up the slope, but it's
heavy...

...the screaming horde racing ever closer...

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Keep pushing.

...they strain as they reach the crest of the steep road,
sweat pouring off their faces.

...closer and closer... the horde almost on them... their
unnerving sounds slicing through the night.

Just as the pushed humvee reaches the crest of the hill...

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Get in, get in, get in.

Riley jumps into the open door, onto the backseat. Lansing picks up Adam, and hops into the backseat too.

Lynch jumps into the driver's seat -- and the car starts to ROLL down the sloping road toward the town.

Cole pushes again -- helping give it momentum.

LYNCH
Come on, Cole, get in here.

The downward slope of the road getting steeper... the car picking up speed.

As the oncoming horde scream closer, Cole pulls a pin on his grenade, throws it back -- the horde overtaking it --

-- BOOOOOOM! --

-- the explosion slicing through dozens of them -- and blowing even more off their feet --

-- but the horde's numbers are too great -- it slows down the mass, but doesn't stop them.

Cole gives the humvee one last push -- then turns -- firing at the closest infected just as they pounce --

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Jesus, get in here, now!

Cole races to catch up as the humvee takes off -- but he stumbles -- trips -- his weapon sliding away from him.

As Lynch taps the breaks a little...

CAPTAIN COLE
No, don't stop, don't stop.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

But up ahead -- a single infected leaps out of the forest -- running straight at the passenger door -- smashing through the window -- slashing its claw toward Lynch --

-- he pulls his sidearm -- putting three shots in its head.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Cole springs back onto his feet, grabs his rifle, races to the humvee -- laying down gunfire at the first few infected on his tail -- slicing them down.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Another infected emerges from the forest -- reaching into the backseat door window.

Adam screams. Lansing pulls him away from the creature. Riley, hands tied, kicks her feet at its snapping jaw.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Cole fires ahead, putting a bullet through its chest as Riley kicks it away.

As the speed of the humvee almost gets away from him -- Cole jumps onto the back -- but so do two infected -- he kicks one in the chest -- swings his rifle to the other's face --

-- both falling off -- but immediately jumping back up onto their feet like cats.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

An infected ahead of the humvee jumps up on the hood -- thrashing and beating its way through the windshield -- Lynch shoots through the glass.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Cole, on the back, empties his clip on the approaching wave of infected at the rear. They're so close their outstretched hands are only inches away.

Cole climbs down inside the open roof hatch. He cocks the attached .50 CAL MACHINE GUN on top -- and just as the horde are about to swarm the vehicle --

-- he opens fire, unleashing hell -- devastating fist size bullets rip through the horde --

-- slicing off limbs -- cutting through torsos -- blowing off heads.

Dozens of the infected tripping over their corpses -- but still the horde never stop -- their numbers seemingly growing.

Cole's .50 cal runs empty. Shit! He ducks down into the hatch...

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

...climbing into the front passenger seat -- as the growing horde RUSH the vehicle --

-- jumping up on the back -- the sides -- the hood -- the roof -- overwhelming numbers --

-- clawed arms smashing through glass --

-- Lynch turns the wheel -- careening OFF the road -- straight down the...

EXT. STEEP HILLSIDE - NIGHT

...breaking away from the horde -- picking up incredible speed down the extreme steep hillside forest.

Half a dozen infected still hanging on -- but Lynch sideswipes them against trees -- knocking most of them off --

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Lansing smashes one in the face -- Cole pulls his sidearm -- shoots another that desperately clings to the roof -- Riley kicks one on her door -- dropping the last one.

The chasing horde still racing through the forest, but unable to match the humvee's speed.

Further down, Lynch emerges out onto the same road as it zigzags multiple times across the hillside --

-- but he shoots straight over it -- continuing downwards through forest.

CAPTAIN COLE
Get us back on that road.

LYNCH
Okay, okay, okay.

Lynch taps the breaks, slowing just enough, so he can turn onto the winding...

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

...heading towards the distant town, keeping good momentum.
The sound of the screaming horde fading away from earshot.
They all take a deep, well earned breath.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Minutes later, getting closer to the town. Cole reloads Lynch's weapon for him, and then his own.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Have you thought about what might
be waiting for us in this town?
Who the hell knows what's down
there.

CAPTAIN COLE

Shut up!

LIEUTENANT RILEY

I just don't want us walking into
something unexpected.

CAPTAIN COLE

Who gives a fuck what you want?

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Once this car rolls to a stop, it's
not like we can just start it up
again.

Cole stares ahead. Just the sound of her voice annoys the
fuck out of him.

Lynch, reluctantly...

LYNCH

She's got a point. This town could
be full of them.

CAPTAIN COLE

Or completely empty.

DR. LANSING

Not many places empty of these
creatures.

CAPTAIN COLE

Well, what would you rather we do?
Stay out here in the open?

No answer from the group.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
That's settled then.
(beat)
At first light, we'll find a
working car and we'll keep moving.

LYNCH
Keep moving where?

Cole finds it hard to come up with an answer. But after a moment...

CAPTAIN COLE
Canada. We go through Canada.

Riley laughs.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
You really don't get it, do you?

CAPTAIN COLE
Why don't you explain it to me?

LIEUTENANT RILEY
The Canadian border patrol have
orders to shoot anyone on sight.

LYNCH
We're not infected.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
Makes no difference to them. Maybe
you haven't noticed, but this
entire country is quarantined.

LYNCH
That doesn't include cold blooded
murder.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
It does when the world is trying to
stop the single most deadliest
infection in human history from
spreading to its shores.

Cole and Lynch exchange anxious looks.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)
They shoot to kill. Infected or
not. You're not getting out
through Canada.
(laughing)
(MORE)

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)
You boys have no idea how fucked
you really are.

Lynch, still driving, turns in his seat.

LYNCH
You listen to me you fucking --

CAPTAIN COLE
(shouting)
Lynch!!!

Cole points ahead, spotting a single infected standing in the road --

Lynch spins -- just as he HITS the infected head-on -- but instinctively turns the wheel to avoid it -- turning too sharply --

-- the humvee TUMBLES -- over and over on its side --

-- before skidding to a stop -- upsidedown on its roof.

Silence. All of them knocked into a semi-conscious daze. Slowly, they stir awake...

Riley, the only one not in her seatbelt, now lying on the ceiling. The others groan with painful aches.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Everyone okay? Adam, are you okay?

ADAM
Uh-huh.

Outside, the sudden *HOWL* of new infected in the distance.

CAPTAIN COLE
Move!

Cole and Lynch cut themselves free, dropping to the ceiling. Cole crawls out. Tries to open the back doors to reach Adam, but it won't budge.

He kicks out the backseat window. Crawls inside.

Lynch sees two approaching infected on the road. Fires his weapon, killing them both.

LYNCH
Cole, hurry, man!

Cole cuts Adam free. Then Lansing. Pulls them both out.

Riley crawls out. Lynch drags her up onto her feet. Picks up the briefcase too.

The semi-crushed infected, hit by the humvee, drags itself towards the group, teeth gnashing at air. Cole puts a shot through its head. A mercy kill.

The group quickly collect themselves, heading for the town.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

An unnerving *SCREECH* -- a large mass of infected race through frame -- hunting for prey.

As they disappear past us, Cole and the group slowly move out from behind a dumpster, scanning the area.

Once it's all clear, they move again.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A ghost town. Utter silence. The group hobble down the main street.

LYNCH

It's quiet.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Too quiet.

CAPTAIN COLE

Let's keep it that way.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

You don't really think we're alone here, do you?

Adam, scared, holds onto Cole's hand.

LYNCH

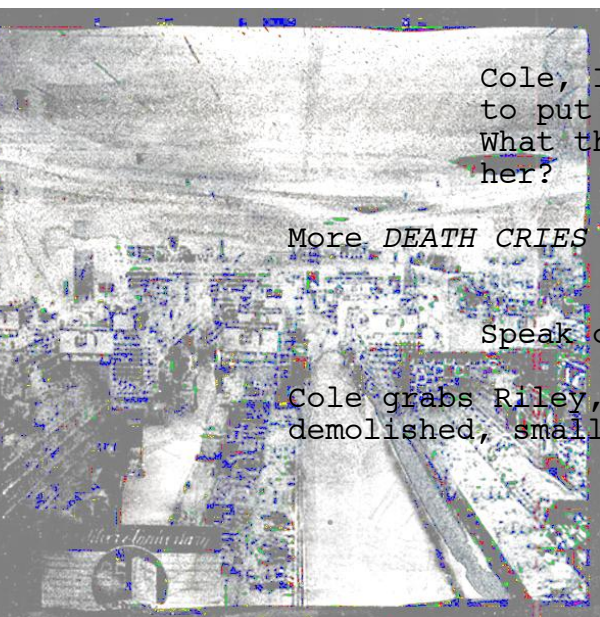
Cole, I'm telling you man, we need to put this bitch down for good. What the hell are we doing with her?

More *DEATH CRIES* ahead of them.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Speak of the devil.

Cole grabs Riley, and the group quickly move into a half-demolished, small town...



INT. BANK - NIGHT

...racing in through a collapsed wall, ducking behind the teller's counter.

Outside, the infected swarm past in a blur.

LYNCH

If any of you haven't noticed that giant hole in the wall we just came through, we can't stay here.

CAPTAIN COLE

We'll... we'll figure something.

Lynch looks over at a massive, sealed vault door.

LYNCH

Behind that thing we'd be safe.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Good luck getting it open.

Adam crawls over to Cole.

ADAM

I'm hungry.

Cole peaks his head over the counter, seeing a...

INT. BANK - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The group creep up it slowly, gun-mounted flashlights cutting through darkness as they reach the...

INT. BANK - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The door *CREAKS* opens. Cole spies through the crack. No movement. He steps inside the office floor, filled with desks. The others follow him through.

Cole and Adam find a vending machine, the glass front smashed open. But the food inside has long since gone bad.

CAPTAIN COLE

How are we on ammo?

LYNCH

Don't ask.

CAPTAIN COLE

That bad?

LYNCH

Worse.

Cole takes Adam into a small staff kitchen area. Opens the refrigerator, but its rotten smell is too overpowering. He slings it closed again.

Lansing struggles to sit down, coughing and spitting up blood. Pain aching through him.

DR. LANSING

Lynch, you got anything to drink?

Lynch hands over his canteen of water. Lansing takes a swig, but there's barely a few drops inside.

Adam, seeing that Lansing needs a drink, stands on a chair by the sink. He grabs an empty glass and turns the faucet on --

-- a single thrust of black, putrid water gushes out -- but the pipes *RATTLE* like crazy. Loud *VIBRATIONS* shuddering through the building.

CAPTAIN COLE

No!

Cole grabs the faucet, shutting it off --

-- but from outside, we hear the chilling *DEATH CRIES* of nearby infected, alerted by the sounds of rattling pipes.

The group freeze. Cole cautiously steps over to the windows, keeping low, peeking down at the street.

Several infected below, looking in all directions, trying to figure out where the noise came from.

Three of them rush into the bank, down on the...

INT. BANK - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

...the three infected rush inside, noses sniffing the air, like hyenas, hunting for potential prey.

INT. BANK - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Cole moves away from the window, and gestures for the group to stay quiet.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

(whispering)

We start shooting, we're gonna
attract a lot more of them.

Cole grabs her, slamming his hand over her mouth. Whispers
into her ear.

CAPTAIN COLE

Shut the fuck up.

The *PITTER-PATTER* of feet rushing up the stairwell.

Lynch quickly, but quietly, reaches for a plank of wood,
sliding it through the handles of the stairwell's wooden
double doors --

-- just as the three infected on the other side violently
hammer against.

Cole and Lynch aim their rifles at the door.

Adam, shaking with fear, desperately holds onto Lansing.

Cole passes Lynch a magazine from his dwindling supply.

As the violent thrusts of the door continue, the ornate
handles begin to break away, splintering from the wood
they're screwed into.

It won't take much more.

Cole grabs a smoke grenade off his belt, pulls the pin and
tosses it as far as he can out the window.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The smoke grenade bounces off a nearby metal rooftop --
CLANKING -- then hitting the ground -- detonating -- a stream
of RED SMOKE erupting from it.

INT. BANK - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The thrusting door suddenly STOPS -- just in time before the
handles snap off.

The *PITTER-PATTER* of feet fading away down the stairwell.

Cole looks out as the infected exit the bank, rushing towards
the red-smoked distraction.

LATER

Cole, still at the window, standing guard. No movement outside. But it doesn't mean they're not close.

Riley, perched on a desk, glances over to a sharp LETTER OPENER a few feet away. Something she's intent on getting.

Lynch attends to Lansing's gunshot wound. Blood gushing from it. He steps overs to Cole, keeping his voice low.

LYNCH

The doc ain't gonna last much longer. Not without getting him to a hospital, which obviously isn't gonna happen any time soon.

Cole stares out the window, gesturing...

CAPTAIN COLE

What about a drug store?

Lynch looks out the window, up the street at a large 'KMART' with a drug store inside it.

LYNCH

Yeah, maybe... I don't know.

CAPTAIN COLE

We can't stay here anyway. That place looks like it's still in one piece at least. Maybe there's food and water there too.

LYNCH

Shouldn't we wait till first light?

CAPTAIN COLE

You said it yourself, Lansing's not gonna last much longer. That's our best chance to save him.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

You really make me laugh, Cole.

Cole and Lynch look to Riley.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

Who are you trying to save? This mission - the mission you thought you were here for - doesn't even exist.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)
Nobody wants you to bring that cure
back, and nobody wants you to save
him. Nobody cares about them or
about you.

Cole stands, approaches her.

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)
This mission is a joke. You should
cut him free. You should cut me
free. We're just slowing you down.
The only thing you've got is
staying alive, and if you want to
do that I suggest you go, now, and
don't look back.

LYNCH
Cole, man, she's getting to be a
real problem. What the hell are we
keeping her alive for? We should
have killed her already.

CAPTAIN COLE
We're not killing anyone.
(to Riley)
I'm bringing you in. You're going
to answer for what you've done.

LIEUTENANT RILEY
You stupid son of a bitch. You're
too stupid to see that this is
already over.

LYNCH
Bring her? Bring her in where?
(shouting)
You think the British are gonna do
jack shit to one of their own?

CAPTAIN COLE
Keep your voice down, Lynch.

Cole doesn't have any kind of answer for Lynch. He turns
away. The room falls silent.

Riley subtly shuffles along her desk, perching in a new
position, that much closer to the LETTER OPENER. Her
fingertips skim its side --

-- but Cole grabs her, and looks to the others.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
We're moving, right now.

He pulls her away from the desk -- and she misses her opportunity to take the tool. Anger on her face.

He pushes her along. Picks up the briefcase on his way out.

EXT. BANK - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The roof access door gently opens. Cole's rifle out first, scanning the environment. With the metal briefcase, he looks down over the edge of this three story building.

He points, ushering the others to move out. Lynch, Adam and Lansing first, hopping across to the adjoining rooftops, moving up the street.

Cole grabs Riley, pushing her along.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Untie my hands. I can move faster
if you do.

CAPTAIN COLE

Move!

He ignores her request, shoving her ahead of him.

CUT TO:

SNIPER SCOPE POV: watching Cole pushing Riley ahead of himself, moving fast across rooftops.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

But a few rooftops along, one suddenly...

...CAVES-IN as Cole steps on a weak spot --

-- he instinctively reaches out, grabbing hold of Riley, as his legs sink into the hole --

-- Riley trips, falling onto her stomach -- her feet the only thing that Cole can hang on to.

But Riley, with a smile, KICKS Cole to his face -- and he falls inside the...

INT. DECREPID BUILDING - NIGHT

...into a hallway -- against a fragile banister that snaps -- letting him fall even further down to its stairwell --

-- the metal briefcase slipping away from him, hitting the lower floor hard -- splitting wide open --

-- the glass vials SMASHING into a million pieces.

Cole, barely believing what just happened to the serum...

CAPTAIN COLE

No... no, no...

But more of the roof above caves in -- Riley falls into the hallway too.

Lynch, up top, looking down...

LYNCH

Cole, get up here, now.

Cole, not sure what to do -- suddenly hears *DEATH CRIES* from somewhere below -- infected racing inside from the street, moving up the stairwell fast.

-- Cole fires on all three of them. Hears more not far behind them.

He jumps to his feet. Grabs Riley. Slams her into a wall. She smiles in his face.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

Where's the serum, Cole?

CAPTAIN COLE

Keep it up and maybe I will kill you after all.

He drags her up another stairwell, back up onto the...

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Cole pulls the pins on two grenades, dropping them down into the hallway, just as more infected from the street race up --

-- *BOOOOOM!!!* -- the building shakes -- fire vomits through every window.

The explosion attracting even more creatures in the area.

But Cole's group reach the last rooftop, and take a fire escape down to the...

EXT. TOWN - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Lynch peeks out, seeing the infected running into the now burning building.

Lansing notices the briefcase is no longer in Cole's hand.

DR. LANSING

The case? Where... where's the case?

CAPTAIN COLE

Keep moving.

DR. LANSING

But the case --

CAPTAIN COLE

Keep moving, I'll explain soon.

Lynch stealthily moves across the main street with Adam, fast but silent, motioning Lansing to follow. Cole and Riley after him.

They jog down a dark alley, running down the side of the Kmart store, emerging out into the store's...

EXT. REAR LOADING AREA - NIGHT

The truck bay doors sealed tight.

Cole climbs onto a dumpster, crawling inside an unlocked window into...

INT. KMART - NIGHT

...dropping inside a rear manager's office. He opens a door to the outside, letting the others in. Locks the door and the window.

They switch on their rifle flashlights, scanning the dark. They find spots of BLOOD on the floor.

CAPTAIN COLE

We might not be alone in here.

They cautiously step out into the corridor. Empty. Slowly edge down it into the main store. Half of it already looted long ago.

They find a long TRAIL of BLOOD meandering down aisles. Like the victim had been dragged. Lynch kneels, inspecting it.

LYNCH

This is old, very old. Whatever did this, they're likely long gone by now.

CAPTAIN COLE

I want to be sure.

They seat Lansing and Adam down near a tent and camping display. Riley sits on the floor across from them.

Cole hands Lansing a pistol.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

If she moves, kill her. Don't hesitate. She certainly won't.

Lansing takes the gun.

DR. LANSING

Cole, I've got to talk to you.

CAPTAIN COLE

Soon. Lynch and I are going to check the back. Make sure the place is secure.

Cole and Lynch move behind the...

DRUGSTORE

...counter, but there's almost nothing left. Lynch picks up bandages and aspirin. Then throws them down in frustration.

LYNCH

There's nothing here, man. I can't help without the shit that I need.

CAPTAIN COLE

What can you do?

Lynch doesn't want to say it.

LYNCH

I can help him with the pain, maybe, but... nothing more. This was a waste of time.

CAPTAIN COLE

What are you telling me, that we just let him die?

LYNCH

Cole, I'm sorry --

CAPTAIN COLE

We can not let him die. He is the only living person who has found anything even close to be a cure for this thing. If he dies, it dies with him.

LYNCH

What the hell do you want from me?
I am not a doctor.

Cole exhales. Doesn't like what he's hearing.

CAPTAIN COLE

How long?

LYNCH

Hard to say. It sounds like the bullet perforated his lung. A day. Less. I don't know.

MAIN STORE

Lansing can overhear their conversation, even though he's pretending not to. Riley hears it too. She smirks at him.

Lansing ignores the look on her face. He puts his arm around Adam, pulling him closer.

DR. LANSING

Adam, I'm going to tell you something, but I need you to be brave for me.

Adam nods.

DR. LANSING (CONT'D)

I'm not going to be able to come with you.

ADAM

What do you mean?

Lansing coughs hard, before catching his breath again.

DR. LANSING

I've been too badly hurt. But that's alright, because I know you're going to be okay, and that is all that matters to me.

ADAM

But why?

DR. LANSING

Sometimes you bleed on the inside,
and we can't always stop that. But
none of that matters right now.
What matters is that you listen to
me and do exactly as I tell you.

DRUGSTORE

Cole runs his hands over his face, lost in quiet despair,
knowing that it couldn't get any worse. Lynch stares, not
knowing what he can do.

CAPTAIN COLE

Go... go check the back. Make sure
this place is secure. I don't want
any unexpected surprises.

LYNCH

You got it.

Lynch heads through double doors into the goods storage area
at the back.

MAIN STORE

Cole, angry at the world, moves to an aisle full of alcohol.
Hundreds of bottles looted and smashed, but some remain.

He finds a bottle of WHISKEY. Stares at it longingly. Eyes
lost in its liquid gold. He unscrews the cap, breathes in
its seductive vapors. Puts it to his lips...

...but, in the distance, he sees Adam, tears in his eyes,
hugging Lansing.

Cole stops himself from drinking any of the whiskey. An
almost impossible task for him, but he does it, somehow.
Screws the cap back on and puts it down.

BACK STORAGE AREA

Lynch slowly inches down the aisles between metal shelving
units. Half of the goods in here are looted too.

He sees another long trail of BLOOD again.

MAIN STORE

Cole sits on a crate next to Lansing.

CAPTAIN COLE
You're right, doctor, we do need to talk.

DR. LANSING
Cole, the serum --

CAPTAIN COLE
The cure's gone, doc.

DR. LANSING
No, listen to me, the boy...
(cough)
Adam...

CAPTAIN COLE
Adam? What about him?

DR. LANSING
He's the cure. Adam is the cure.

Cole, trying to figure out what's being said...

CAPTAIN COLE
What the hell are you talking about?

DR. LANSING
There's a unique genome in his blood. It renders the pathogen harmless. He's immune, Cole. You've got to get him out of here. There is nothing... literally nothing more important than the boy. Save him, and you save everyone.

Riley, realizing what Adam is, lays her eyes on him. She stares with cold disdain -- GLARING -- knows she can't allow him to live.

She stretches her fingertips toward broken glass shards on the floor behind her. Grabs one. Slowly cuts the rope...

BACK STORAGE AREA

Lynch inches along, following the trail of blood, until it stops dead. The messy trail disappearing at the straight edge of a removable floor panel.

Then, the floor panel SHUFFLES. Something moving beneath it. Lynch's eyes go wide.

MAIN STORE

Oblivious to Cole or Lansing, Riley continues cutting the rope.

DR. LANSING
Promise me, Cole.

CAPTAIN COLE
What... what...

DR. LANSING
Promise me.

CAPTAIN COLE
What am I suppose to do?

DR. LANSING
Find someone who can continue my
work. Develop more antiserum.
Promise me you'll protect him.

BACK STORAGE AREA

Lansing backs away as the floor panel suddenly lifts -- an INFECTED emerging from it.

-- not just one panel, but dozens of them lift up -- a whole NEST -- slashing their clawed hands toward Lynch.

He OPENS FIRE, slicing through them, but there's too many. He bursts out into the...

MAIN STORE

Cole jumps to his feet, snapping his rifle up.

LYNCH
We're on top of a fucking nest!

Lynch tips a large shelving unit against the door -- backs away -- infected on the other side hammering it hard -- doesn't hold for long --

-- dozens pour through as Lynch lays waste to them -- Cole opens fire too.



-- just as Riley cuts through her rope, jumping to her feet, rushing at Cole -- knocking him to the ground -- and STABBING the glass shard into his shoulder, barely missing his neck.

Lansing, panicked, grabs Adam, pulling him away, running down dark aisles.

Riley goes to chase Adam -- but Cole catches her foot, tripping her hard. Cole gets to his feet -- fires -- at oncoming infected.

Lynch reloads, cutting through the horde, but there's too many rushing at him --

-- he pulls the pin on a grenade -- about to toss it -- but he's swarmed -- knocked to the ground -- the grenade rolls --

-- just as Riley gets to her feet again -- BOOOOOOM! -- the force of the explosion sends her flying into shelves -- sending Cole flying too --

-- the explosion killing dozens of infected, but not enough...

...Lynch SCREAMS as they overwhelm him, hacking and slashing.

Cole gets up -- wasting more rushing out of the back storage area...

...as Lansing drags Adam away from the fight -- but two infected have flanked him -- he fires his pistol, putting three shots in each of their chests --

-- CLICK! -- CLICK! -- CLICK! -- his gun now empty.

He picks Adam up, racing away, disappearing around a corner.

Cole reloads -- running into the dark recesses of the store as the feral creatures spread out, hunting.

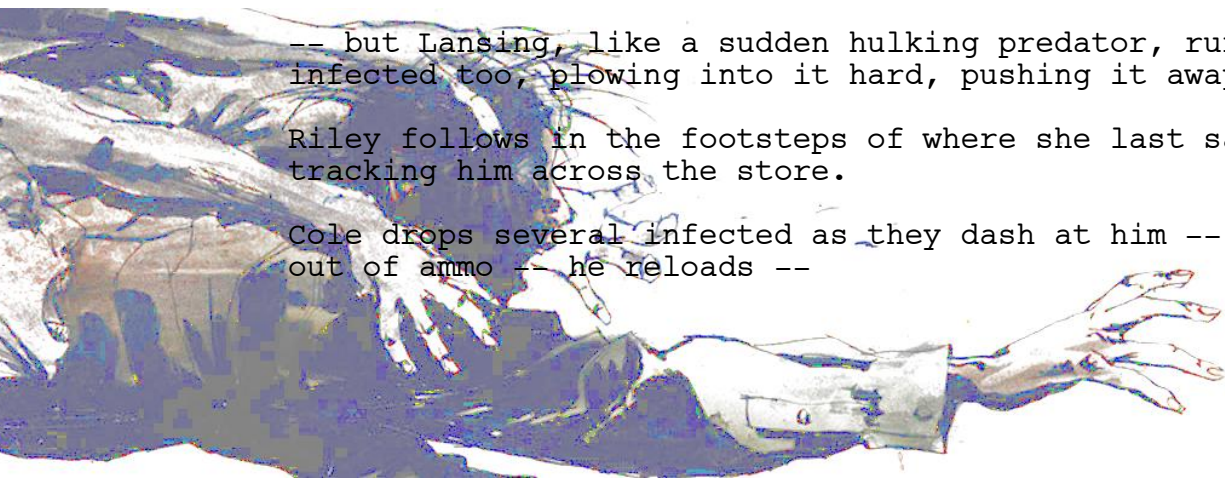
Riley wakes, eyes refocusing, quickly crawls away under collapsed shelving units.

Lansing lifts Adam high, helping him climb on top of shelves, out of immediate danger -- but an infected runs at Lansing --

-- but Lansing, like a sudden hulking predator, runs at the infected too, plowing into it hard, pushing it away --

Riley follows in the footsteps of where she last saw Adam -- tracking him across the store.

Cole drops several infected as they dash at him -- CLICK! -- out of ammo -- he reloads --



-- then spots a PROPANE GAS TANK over by a barbecue grill display -- aims -- fires -- BOOOOM!!! -- fire vomits --

-- half the store engulfed in a flash flame that puts itself out -- but dozens of the creatures catch on fire --

-- SCREECHING in agony -- spasms of pain -- pouncing high -- clinging to the ceiling -- before dropping dead.

Lansing, still in mid-fight with a single infected, isn't strong enough to hold it back -- even more pounce on him. He screams in agony as they rip his flesh with claws and fangs.

Elsewhere in the store, an infected smashes into a shelving unit, which falls against another, and another, and another, like a set of dominos --

-- hitting the one that Adam is on top of. He cries out as it falls flat.

Riley hears Adam's cries -- runs toward him. She picks up a length of METAL PIPE. Adam stares up at her with confused, innocent eyes, not sure what's about to happen.

LIEUTENANT RILEY

You should close your eyes.

She raises it high -- about to bring it down on his head --

-- WHACK! -- but she's tackled by Cole -- he rushes her hard against a wall -- she swings the pipe at him -- catching his arm -- then ribs -- then stomach -- then --

-- he slams his fist into her face, breaking her nose --

-- he pulls her, swinging her around in a circle, throwing her into the arms of an infected -- it hacks and slashes at her -- three more joining in on the kill --

LIEUTENANT RILEY (CONT'D)

Nooooo.... help me.....!!!

Cole grabs Adam, pulling him to his feet. Races away to the front of the store. But the entrance is LOCKED. Can't shoot his way out. No ammo left.

He grabs a fire extinguisher, smashes it against the floor-to-ceiling windows -- spider-webbing cracks, but not breaking --

Just as a horde of creatures rush from the back toward the front, directly at them both --

-- suddenly impossibly bright FLOODLIGHTS shine through the storefront windows --

-- blinding ULTRA-VIOLET light -- the infected reel back, screeching in agony as their skin BURNS --

-- from outside, machine gunfire shatters the windows, taking out several infected -- before their swarm disperses completely, running away, escaping back into the shadows.

Cole and Adam squint at the insanely bright UV lights.

CAPTAIN COLE

Jesus...

Insteps a GROUP of men, headed by a YOUNG LATINO WOMAN, the same one we saw earlier.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN

Actually, my name's Martiana Sanchez, but my friends just call me Marti. Then again, most of them are dead now.

SOMETIME LATER...

Marti's old wreck of an RV sits outside the Kmart store on the...

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Powerful UV floodlights attached to all sides of the vehicle. Planks of wood boarded up over most of its windows. Draped with barb wire.

A large pile of tarp and camouflage netting flimsily tied onto the roof.

Cole ushers Adam up into the RV's side door.

CAPTAIN COLE

Stay here. I'll be back in a minute.

Marti takes his hand, leading him inside.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

(to Marti)

You got a flashlight?

She hands him one.

MARTI (YOUNG LATINO WOMAN)

(re: Kmart store)

You're not going back in, are you?

Cole stares into the KMART's broken windows, weighing up whether he should re-enter or not.

CAPTAIN COLE
I gotta see something.

INT. RV - NIGHT

An old GENERATOR, wired into the UV floodlights, shudders at the back. The noisiest generator ever made.

Marti sits behind the wheel, next to:

RUDY (30), always wired, always jittery, lives on his nerves.

RUDY
Yo, what the fuck! What's this guy
thinking going back in there? He's
an idiot.

At the back, the other two men, DL (32) and his bohemian, blonde dreadlocked brother, JOHNSON (31), laugh to themselves.

DL
Hey, Rudy, why don't you try
telling him that to his face?

MARTI
Do not do that. Remember when you
ate those hotdogs back at the mall
in Charlotte?

RUDY
Yeah.

MARTI
Well, telling him that would make
that the second dumbest idea you've
ever had.

Rudy rolls his eyes at her comment.

Marti stands, exits the RV, following Cole.

RUDY
Hey, where you going?

INT. KMART - NIGHT

Cole slowly eases his way through the broken store windows, stepping inside with his pistol raised.

The UV lamps providing generous light for the front of the store, but a lot of the back area is still swamped in shadow.

Marti steps through following Cole.

MARTI
Hey, wait up.

CAPTAIN COLE
It's not safe for you.

MARTI
Not safe for you, either. Just
stay in the light, we'll be okay.
They can't handle the ultra-violet.

Cole steps over dead infected -- until he finds LANSING's
CORPSE. His face locked in an eternal scream. His ribcage
ripped open, his insides gutted.

CAPTAIN COLE
Jesus...

Marti pulls her gun out, pointing it down.

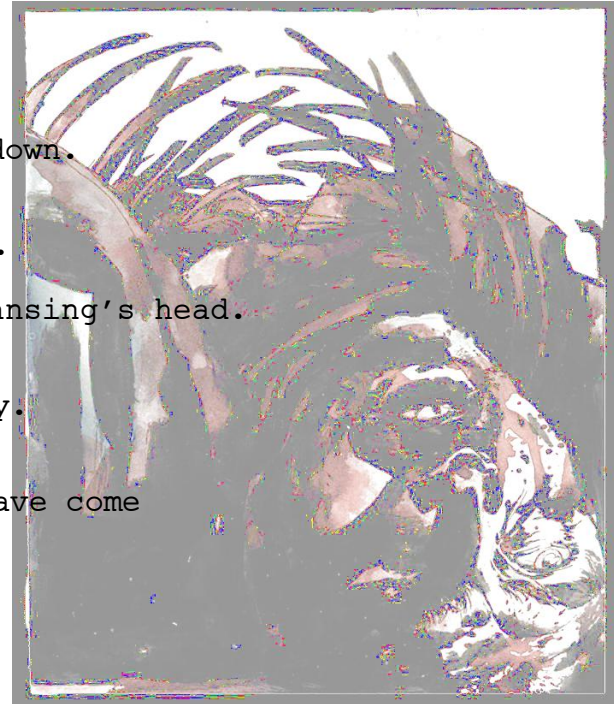
MARTI
I'm sorry I have to do this.

-- *BLAM!* -- she puts a shot through Lansing's head.

MARTI (CONT'D)
Better to be safe than sorry.

CAPTAIN COLE
You really think he could have come
back... from that?

MARTI
I know he could.
(beat)
So are we about done?



Cole keeps searching the store, moving towards the back.
Marti reluctantly follows.

MARTI (CONT'D)
What is it you're even doing here?

CAPTAIN COLE
It's on a need to know basis.

MARTI
And who exactly do you think I'm
going to tell?
(MORE)

MARTI (CONT'D)
Maybe you've not noticed, but
there's not too many people around
here --

CAPTAIN COLE
It doesn't concern you.

MARTI
Wow. We save your lives, and this
is the thanks we get?

Cole, not sure what to say...

CAPTAIN COLE
It's classified. I'm sorry, but it
is.

MARTI
Your own people tried to kill you,
and you're protecting their secret
for them?

-- WHUD! -- noise, somewhere at the back -- they snap their
weapons up.

MARTI (CONT'D)
That's our cue we leave.

CAPTAIN COLE
I'm not done.

Cole follows the sound...

...finding the corpse of LYNCH -- exposed ribcage, blood
pooling around him, half his face ripped off -- but he's not
exactly a corpse --

-- Lynch shifts and writhes. The infection slowly beginning
to take over his body. Mutating him into something else.
His eyes going black.

He lets out a disturbing, screeching -- DEATH CRY -- howling
into the night.

Pain behind that sound.

We might even feel sorry for him.

Cole knows what he has to do. He raises his gun.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

-- *BLAM!* -- he puts a shot through Lynch's head, and his body goes limp.

MARTI
You did the right thing.

CAPTAIN COLE
He was... a good man.

MARTI
Trust me, you just did him a favor.

CAPTAIN COLE
I hope so.

Cole kneels down, removing a belt with attached grenades from around his waist. Magazines and pistol too.

MARTI
Are we done yet?

Cole, thinking, trying to figure her out...

CAPTAIN COLE
You wanted to know what I'm doing here. What is it that you're doing here? In this place? In this town?

MARTI
We followed you here.

CAPTAIN COLE
You followed us?

MARTI
A little hard to miss two dozen parachutes. We've been following you since you dropped in.

CAPTAIN COLE
What?

MARTI
We were curious --

CAPTAIN COLE
No. What did you just say? Two dozen parachutes?

MARTI
Yeah... so?

Suddenly, the intense UV lights -- FLICKER -- off -- on -- off -- on -- off -- on --

INT. RV - NIGHT

Johnson turns to the old, noisy generator as it begins to frazzle out -- and FAILING completely. DL pushes past him, rushing over to it.

DL
Jesus, we gotta get it started.

DL wrenches on the generator's pull-cord. It chugs, but doesn't catch.

RUDY
What the hell is going on with that thing?

INT. KMART - NIGHT

Cole and Marti hear the -- *HISS* -- of infected emerging into the new darkness. They back away, heading for the front of the store again --

-- as a slow wave of cautious feral creatures creep out, heading in the same direction.

INT. RV - NIGHT

DL pulls the cord, again and again and again... but it still doesn't catch.

RUDY
Come on, DL, move you're fucking ass.

DL
I'm trying.

Johnson rummages through piles of junk at the back, desperately searching for something...

JOHNSON
The generator's fucked. I already told you guys it's fucked. But no, no one listens to a thing I fucking say around here.

DL
Shut up already. We need more gas.
Where's the gas can?

JOHNSON
I'm looking, I'm looking, I know
it's here somewhere --

Johnson finds the canister, but it's almost empty.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Shit! Who was the last to use
this?

DL
You were, you fucking asshole.

Rudy starts the engine.

RUDY
That's it, we're getting out of
here.

He leans out of the window.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Marti, get in here, we gotta go,
right fucking now!

INT. KMART - NIGHT

Cole and Marti haul ass to the front store windows, but Marti slips, landing on glass jars -- its shards piercing through her leg and arm -- she screams --

Cole pulls her to her feet, firing at infected as they emerge from shadow --

INT. RV - NIGHT

DL pours what's left of the fuel into the generator.

DL
(to himself)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

Rudy spots several infected, in the regular light of his headlights, racing up the street towards him. He grabs his weapon, leans out the window -- firing on them.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Cole pulls Marti out through the store windows. Helps her as she limps back to the RV.

Cole opens the side door, pushing Marti inside -- he turns -- firing on several infected that are right on his tail.

He dives inside...

INT. RV - NIGHT

...pulling the door shut.

CAPTAIN COLE
Go, get us out of here!

But the generator FINALLY comes back to life as DL yanks on the pull-cord again -- blasting UV LIGHT in every direction --
-- dozens of infected SCREAM -- racing back into shadow.

DL
We're good, we're good.

Marti grabs Johnson, pushing him against the wall.

MARTI
Jesus Christ, what the fuck are you guys doing?

JOHNSON
I'm sorry, I'm... sorry. It won't happen again.

Rudy puts the key in the ignition.

RUDY
We should get out of here anyway.

Marti nods, time to leave...

...but Rudy sees another set of car HEADLIGHTS further down the road, that pull to a slow stop.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Hey, who the hell is that?

-- PHFT! -- the whirl of a long-range bullet -- the windshield cracks -- a hole blowing through Rudy's head.

CAPTAIN COLE
Get down!

The group hit the floor.

JOHNSON
Who the fuck is that?

Marti pulls Adam into her arms, holding him tight.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Five vehicles slowly move down the street into town: a military humvee, pickup truck, a Mercedes sedan, a jeep and a motorcycle.

All of them ease to a gentle stop in front of the RV, within its bright UV lights.

Twelve BRITISH SOLDIERS step out of the commandeered vehicles. Up front, the leader, WINTERS, a man we recognize from London, SCAR running down his face.

WINTERS
Lieutenant Riley, are you in there?

INT. RV - NIGHT

Cole slowly raises his head, looking out.

MARTI
Are these friends of yours, Cole?

CAPTAIN COLE
You said you saw two dozen
parachutes? Well, there were only
twelve people in my team.
(beat)
Unless they actually sent two
teams.

MARTI
What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN COLE
For something this important, the
military don't like to do things by
half.

Marti still not getting it.

MARTI
Tell me what the hell is going on
here?

But from outside...

WINTERS
Lieutenant Riley? Anyone? Who's
in there?

Cole shouts out...

CAPTAIN COLE
Riley's dead.

WINTERS
Who is that? Is that you, Cole?

CAPTAIN COLE
That's Captain to you.

WINTERS
How did she die?

CAPTAIN COLE
I killed her.

Winter, anger taking over him...

WINTERS
That's a bad move, Captain. And
the others?

CAPTAIN COLE
I killed them too.

WINTERS
Bollocks.

CAPTAIN COLE
It's true. Go ask Riley if you
want. If you look really hard you
might find pieces of her over on
aisles two, three and five.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Winters glances over at the Kmart store. Pissed. He nods to his men, gesturing for them to spread out and circle the RV.

WINTERS
Where is the serum?

CAPTAIN COLE
What's it to you?

WINTERS

Don't play games with me, Captain.
I've got you completely surrounded.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Cole sees the soldiers making a slow, wide circle around the outside. Marti whispers to him in hushed tones...

MARTI

Give them what they want.

CAPTAIN COLE

It's not that simple.

She looks at Rudy's corpse.

MARTI

They'll kill us if you don't.

CAPTAIN COLE

They're gonna kill us anyway.

Johnson and DL look to each other, panic in their eyes.

DL

What the hell have you got us in
to?

CAPTAIN COLE

(to Marti)

You wanted to know why we came
here? We came here to find a cure.

MARTI

A cure? Are you kidding me?

CAPTAIN COLE

We found it. The boy.

Marti, confused, studies Adam, looking him up and down.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Adam is the cure. Those men out
there want to destroy it so that no
one ever finds it again. They'll
kill him, and then they'll kill us.

MARTI

Then what the hell are we going to
do?

Cole, not sure, his mind racing...

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Frustration builds in Winters as he waits for a reply...

WINTERS

This is your last chance. Where's
the serum? If you don't have it,
you're no use to me.

No answer.

Just an eerie silence.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

I told you, Captain, you're
completely surrounded.

Then, from the RV, Cole's voice...

CAPTAIN COLE (O.S.)

Wrong! You're the one who's
surrounded.

Suddenly, the UV lights CUT DEAD -- plunging the street into
total DARKNESS.

The soldiers freeze, raising their weapons, spooked.

WINTERS

What the hell...

-- *DEATH CRIES* -- all around them. The soldiers spin in all
directions --

-- shadows moving all over the place.

-- the *PITTER-PATTER* sound of moving feet.

Suddenly, a *WAVE* of *INFECTED* rush the soldiers -- they open
fire -- but it's already too late for some of them --

-- claws slash at faces --

-- flesh ripped from bone --

-- splatters of blood --

-- impossibly fast silhouettes *DRAG* screaming men into
darkness --

-- infected *LEAP* over their heads, landing like feral cats --

-- muzzle flashes strobe the darkness.

WINTERS (CONT'D)
Back in your vehicles! Now!

-- endless rounds fired -- desperately trying to keep the infected at bay -- but their numbers are too great --

INT. RV - NIGHT

Cole jumps into the driver's seat, fires up the engine.

CAPTAIN COLE
Everybody stay down.

A rush of creatures hit the side of the RV -- trying to smash their way inside.

Cole accelerates forward -- straight at Winter's humvee -- hitting it hard --

-- Winters and his driver's heads slam forward at the dashboard --

-- the impact crushing several soldiers standing behind it.

Cole's personal "fuck you" to Winter.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Cole reverses fast -- just as Winters sends a slew of shots his way -- ducking as they splinter through the windshield.

Cole reverse around a corner, turning the RV into a skidding 180, then taking off away from town.

The soldiers, in mid-fight with the infected, start their engines. Quickly speeding away in pursuit of the RV.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Cole, pedal to the metal...

CAPTAIN COLE
How fast does this thing go?

MARTI
Not nearly fast enough.

Marti looks out the back as they exit the town, seeing the following convoy of vehicles gaining on them --

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

But infected, clinging onto the outside of the RV, punch their fists through the glass.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Marti flinches, falling backwards.

One reaching inside and grabbing Cole's throat -- he side-swipes the RV against a light post -- knocking the infected clean off.

DL loads a rifle, throws one to Marti. She shoots up through the ceiling.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Three infected falling off the roof --

-- their bodies trampled under the wheels of the oncoming convoy.

INT. RV - NIGHT

DL
These fuckers are right on our
tail.

CAPTAIN COLE
Then waste them already.

Johnson runs to the back, joining DL, both opening fire on the jeep -- killing its driver --

-- it swerves off the road -- crashing into a ditch.

Marti sees Adam shaking with fear. She lifts him up...

MARTI
Don't worry, honey, we're gonna be
just fine, I promise.

She puts him in a seat, pulling the seatbelt over him.

An infected, still on the roof, hangs down on the front of the RV, punching its fist through the windshield --

-- Cole pulls his handgun, empties his clip into its chest.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The pick-up speeds ahead of the RV. A soldier on the back rises up -- unleashing hell with his assault rifle --

INT. RV - NIGHT

-- Cole ducks -- bullets streaming through.

CAPTAIN COLE
Marti, get up here!

Marti races to the front, points her gun out, sending hell back, killing him dead, along with its driver --

-- the pick-up smashes through a fence.

Marti reloads her weapon. Reloads Cole's weapon for him too.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A soldier on a motorcycle passes along the left-side of the RV -- MPK5 in his hand -- firing a line of machine gunfire through the thin walls --

INT. RV - NIGHT

-- a bullet hits DL, spinning him around, knocking him down.

-- Adam, scared out of his mind, unclips his seatbelt, hiding low to the floor as bullets ricochet around the inside --

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

-- Cole smashes the RV against the motorcycle -- squashing it against a guard rail -- flipping the biker over it --

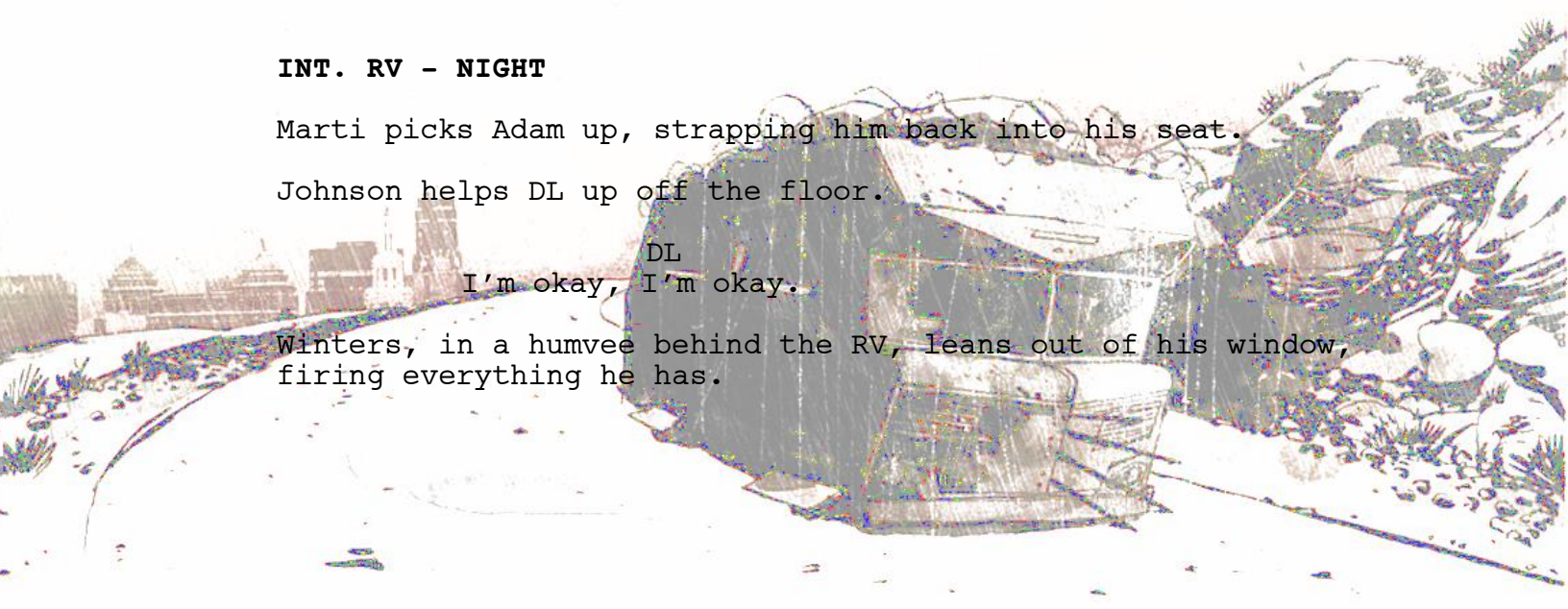
INT. RV - NIGHT

Marti picks Adam up, strapping him back into his seat.

Johnson helps DL up off the floor.

DL
I'm okay, I'm okay.

Winters, in a humvee behind the RV, leans out of his window, firing everything he has.



Cole spots Winters in his side-mirror. He grabs the belt he took from Lynch with two grenades on it. Pulls the pin on one and drops it out of his side window --

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

-- the grenade hits the road, bouncing along it --

-- but Winters spots it, grabs the steering wheel, moves out of its way --

-- *BOOOOMMMM!* -- the Mercedes, unable to escape its blast -- flips over and over.

Only Winters' humvee left.

But more infected, still clinging onto the RV --

INT. RV - NIGHT

-- smash their fists through the side windows -- DL wasting them in a flash.

-- but one rips open the RV's side door -- jumping inside --

-- Cole grabs his pistol -- putting five shots in it.

Through the open door, Cole sees Winter's humvee moving along the side of the RV. Winters pulls the pin on a grenade, tossing it inside --

-- Marti, panicked -- grabs the grenade -- tossing it back out to the road --

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

-- *BOOOOMMMM!* -- the explosive force catching the back end of the RV -- its rear wheels swerving across the road -- fishtailing --

-- Cole desperately adjusts, trying to regain control.

Winters, his humvee several feet ahead of the RV, rises out of the roof hatch with his assault rifle, opening fire -- as his driver keeps it steady --

INT. RV - NIGHT

-- Cole ducks -- but a bullet skims his side -- he *HOWLS* in agony --

MARTI
 (to DL)
 Hey, you're up. I need you behind
 the wheel.

EXT. FOREST LAND - NIGHT

SOMETIME LATER - gliding high above the road that snakes
 through huge forest areas.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Cole sits at the back, stretched out, as Marti tends to his
 wound. She catches him staring at the PHOTOGRAPH of the
 WOMAN and CHILD, unable to take his eyes off it.

MARTI
 Family?

CAPTAIN COLE
 No. It was given to me a few years
 back.

He hands her the photograph.

MARTI
 A memento?

CAPTAIN COLE
 A reminder.

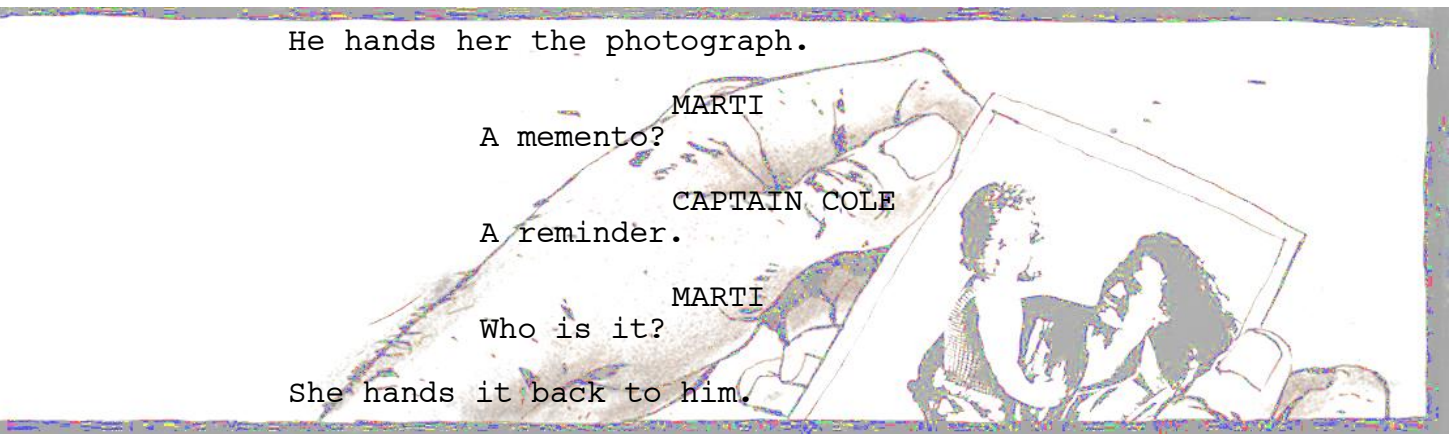
MARTI
 Who is it?

She hands it back to him.

CAPTAIN COLE
 Her name's Elizabeth Manning,
 secretary of interior. My team and
 I were tasked with her extraction
 during the initial evacuations. We
 didn't know much about the
 infection back then, so the mission
 went south pretty fast.

MARTI
 Seems to be a recurring theme for
 you, right?

CAPTAIN COLE
 Back then, I followed orders to the
 letter. Never questioned a thing.
 (MORE)



CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
 The infected came at us from all sides. I was forced to make a decision, her or her daughter. I followed my orders and made sure Elizabeth got out of their alive. Her little girl wasn't so lucky.

Cole, welling up, finds it hard to tell his story.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
 Three weeks later, Elizabeth sent me this photo.
 (beat)
 Along with her suicide note.

He holds the photo up.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
 This is my punishment.

MARTI
 Cole... I'm... I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN COLE
 I thought I could live with my choice. But when she couldn't...
 (beat)
 ...well... I'm still trying to figure that out.

MARTI
 Don't take this the wrong way, but that has to be the most god-awful story I've ever heard.

Marti takes a syringe, about to inject him...

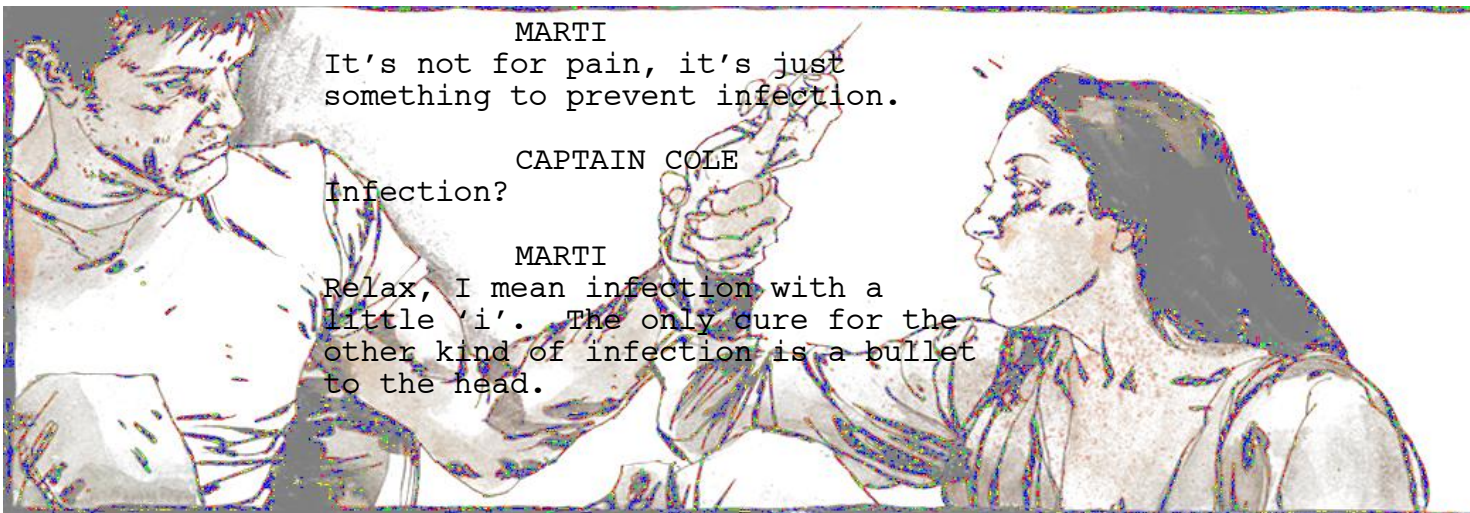
...but Cole grabs her hand.

CAPTAIN COLE
 No drugs.

MARTI
 It's not for pain, it's just something to prevent infection.

CAPTAIN COLE
 Infection?

MARTI
 Relax, I mean infection with a little 'i'. The only cure for the other kind of infection is a bullet to the head.



Cole looks over at Adam.

CAPTAIN COLE
You don't believe he's the cure?

MARTI
I don't know. You gotta admit, it
seems like a stretch.

Marti holds up the syringe again...

MARTI (CONT'D)
May I?

CAPTAIN COLE
Go ahead. Sorry, I just need to
stay alert.

MARTI
Tell me something, have you always
been such a hard-ass, or is that
something they beat into you?

CAPTAIN COLE
Not a big fan of the military, I
take it?

MARTI
Gee, let me think... the bomb, the
cold war, rampant defense
spending... what's not to like?

CAPTAIN COLE
Guess you're not a republican
either?

MARTI
Republican? This may come as a
shock to you, Captain...

EXT. US/CANADIAN BORDER - NIGHT

The rush of water -- a fast moving river -- a sign: NIAGARA
FALLS...

MARTI (V.O.)
...but I'm not even American.

Along every inch of the CANADIAN border, gigantic TOWERS
stand every quarter mile --

-- with a WALL of ULTRA-VIOLET PLASMA ENERGY connected
between each one -- like something out of a sci-fi movie --

-- impossible for anyone, or anything, to step through, without being burnt to a crisp.

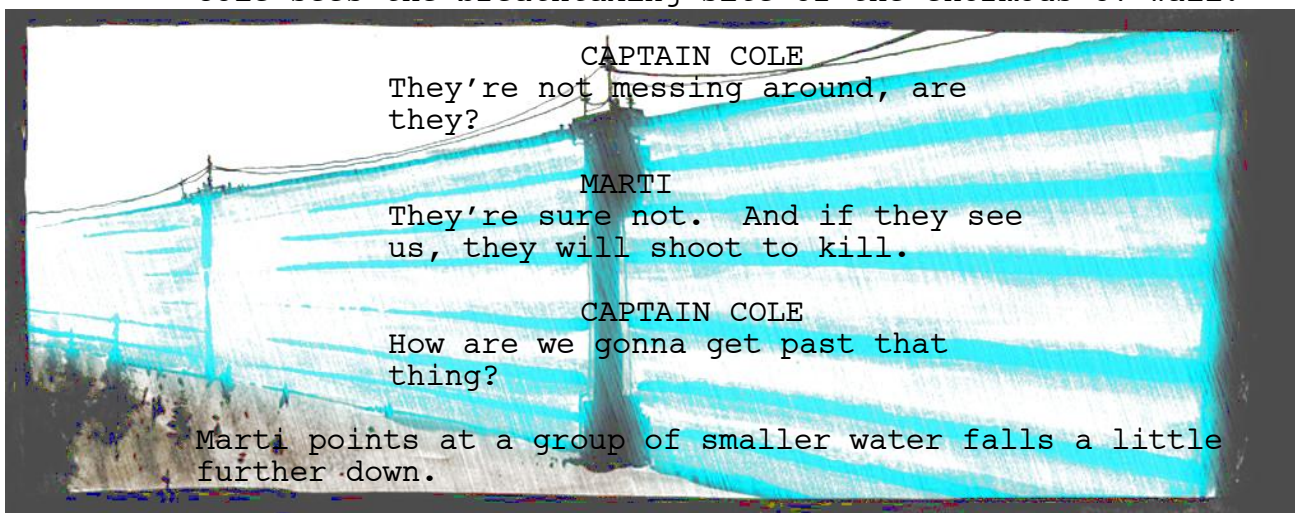
On each tower, a group of border patrol soldiers, armed with rifles, look down over the quarantined country.

Further down the...

EXT. NIAGARA RIVER - NIGHT

...the RV pulls to slow stop, near a gift shop and visitor center.

Cole staggers off with Adam and Marti. Across the river, Cole sees the breathtaking site of the enormous UV wall.



CAPTAIN COLE

They're not messing around, are they?

MARTI

They're sure not. And if they see us, they will shoot to kill.

CAPTAIN COLE

How are we gonna get past that thing?

Marti points at a group of smaller water falls a little further down.

MARTI

See those over there? There's a cave system behind one of them. If you know what you're doing, you can follow it all the way into Canada.

Marti kneels, removing a manhole cover off the road.

MARTI (CONT'D)

That's the easy part. The real trick's getting to it without being shot. That's where the sewers come in.

CAPTAIN COLE

Won't they be crawling with infected?

MARTI

They tend to avoid the borders. Too much UV around here, not enough food.

(MORE)

MARTI (CONT'D)
We should be fine as long as we
stay out of sight of the patrols.

Cole looks down into the black hole.

MARTI (CONT'D)
The military are the enemy around
here, not the infected.

CAPTAIN COLE
So darker is better?

MARTI
Exactly. Don't sweat it, I've done
this dozens of times.

Marti shouts over to DL.

MARTI (CONT'D)
Let's get the RV packed up and
locked away. Make sure its
covered, I don't want anybody
finding it.

DL taps Johnson on the shoulder.

DL
Give me a hand with the camo cover.

DL climbs the RV's rear ladder, reaching up for the mass of
tarp and camouflage netting on the roof.

Adam edges closer to the manhole, afraid to look down it. He
grabs Cole's hand.

ADAM
I'm scared.

Cole kneels next to him.

CAPTAIN COLE
You've got nothing to be scared
about any more. After this, we'll
be perfectly safe. I'm not going
to let anything happen to you.

He looks up to Marti.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Back home, do you know any...
doctors... someone you can trust?

MARTI

(re: his stomach wound)
We've got people who can fix you
up.

CAPTAIN COLE

No, I don't mean for me. Someone
who can carry on Dr. Lansing's
work? To make a vaccine?

MARTI

I have my people. If he really is
the cure, we can do it.

CAPTAIN COLE

Good. Believe me when I say this,
there is no one more important than
this little boy.

He looks at Adam.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, Adam?

Adam, not really sure what to say, smiles.

DL, on the RV's ladder, struggles to pull down the tarp and
camo net.

DL

Damn it, Johnson, you didn't tie
this down right. We could have
lost the whole --

-- out of nowhere, a CLAWED HAND slashes across DL's throat --

...away from the view of the others. He gasps for breath,
but can only gurgle on his own blood.

Hidden on the roof, under the tarp -- LIEUTENANT RILEY, now
an INFECTED creature --

-- LEAPS off the RV, slicing down through the air at Johnson,
slashing at his chest -- he SCREAMS...

Cole and Marti, their eyes going wide...

Cole quickly grabs Adam, putting him in Marti's arms.

CAPTAIN COLE

Take him, get him out of here.

Cole, no ammo, pulls out his KNIFE, faces Riley.



She *HISSES* a disturbing, distorted *DEATH CRY* at him.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)

Go, now. Do not look back.

Marti backs away with Adam.

Riley races at Cole -- but Cole races at Riley --

-- slamming into her harder than she does into him -- they roll, tangled in a savage fight. Both of them wild beasts.

He *STABS* her with his knife -- the blade *SNAPPING* off inside her abdomen.

Over by the manhole, Marti scurries inside it first. Pulls Adam by the hand.

MARTI

Come on, sweetie, quick, quick!

But Adam pulls away, too scared, not sure what to do.

By the RV, Riley *BITES* into Cole's neck -- infecting him --

-- then, with superhuman strength, she picks him up --

-- throws him at a metal sign post -- so hard the post breaks loose from its concrete mooring.

Riley turns toward Marti and Adam -- bloodlust in her eyes.

-- but Johnson, barely alive, pulls out his revolver, fires --

-- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- planting three shots inside her, but it doesn't stop her.

She runs at him -- ripping off the top of his head from his jaw upwards -- blood erupting like a volcano.

Marti desperately grabs Adam, doesn't let him get away from her this time.

MARTI (CONT'D)

Adam, come on, move, move...

She pulls him inside the manhole, onto its ladder --

-- Riley *HISSES* at them, bloodlust in her eyes, racing toward them --

CAPTAIN COLE (O.S.)

Hey...

-- Riley skids to a stop -- whipping her head around to see Cole, blood pouring from his neck --

-- jagged METAL POST in his hands, like a baseball bat.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going?
I'm not finished with you yet.

She screams a disturbing *SCREECH* -- racing at him with lightning speed --

-- Cole SWINGS the post clean to her head with a sickening --

-- *CRACK!* -- dropping her -- the post reverberating off her skull. But she's still got life in her.

Marti and Adam disappear below ground level, pulling the manhole cover over them.

Cole stands over Riley --

-- slamming the post down on her again, and again, and again, pummeling her relentlessly --

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
This time, you stay dead.

He STABS the jagged, sharp end of the steel post through her ribcage --

-- staking her through the heart -- her distorted scream echoing for eternity -- until she's well and truly dead.

Cole takes a breath -- staggers back -- then collapses to the ground. His eyes losing focus. Life draining away from him.

CAPTAIN COLE (CONT'D)
Not... not like this...

His sluggish eyes move to the manhole, seeing that Adam and Marti are gone. He finds some comfort in that...

...before his world goes dark.

A long, hopeless black consumes the frame.

An eternity.

Then, a voice, echoed and distant...

VOICE (V.O.)
Cole? Cole, can you hear me?
Cole?



Black gives way to blinding WHITE. Focus slowly returning.
A tall figure fading into view, looking down at us -- MARTI.

MARTI
That's it, Cole. That's it. Come
back to me.

Cole's eyes flutter open. He realizes he's in a white...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

...room. Every muscle in his body aching.

CAPTAIN COLE
What... what happened? Where am I?

MARTI
You're safe. Thanks to a
transfusion from your little friend
here.

She points to Adam, asleep on the bed next to him.

Cole strains to sit up...

CAPTAIN COLE
Is... is he okay?

Marti gently pushes Cole back down.

MARTI
He's better than okay. He'll be
awake soon.

Cole, relieved, lies back.

MARTI (CONT'D)
You've been out a couple of days,
but you're gonna be just fine.

CAPTAIN COLE
You came back for me?

MARTI
You think I was just going to leave
you there? Of course I came back
for you.

CAPTAIN COLE
You shouldn't have done that.

MARTI

Oh? No need to thank me.

CAPTAIN COLE

It was stupid.

MARTI

Keep talking like that, and I might have to agree with you.

CAPTAIN COLE

I told you to leave and get the kid to a doctor.

MARTI

Well, we're in a hospital. Mission accomplished. And you of all people should know the difference between doing what's right, and doing what you're told.

Cole, pissed, but he sees she has a point.

He glances over at Adam again.

CAPTAIN COLE

I guess Lansing was right. Adam really is the cure.

MARTI

Well... yes and no.

Cole, not sure where she's going...

CAPTAIN COLE

Why do I get the feeling you're about to tell me something I don't want to hear?

MARTI

Adam's immune, no doubt about it. His blood can be used to develop a limited form of vaccination...

CUT TO:

We drift over America, this cursed land, finding ourselves back at the...

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - NIGHT

...like a hopeless, black, desolate hole.

MARTI (V.O.)
*...unfortunately, recent tests on
 captured infected indicate that the
 virus is changing... evolving...*

We pass through the GIGANTIC RUSSIAN FREIGHTER SHIP, down
 onto the...

INT. LOWER DECKS - NIGHT

*...moving along dark corridors. The echo of dripping water
 all around us.*

MARTI (V.O.)
...into what, no one can say.

We come to find an open door, passing through it into a
 massive cargo hold.

MARTI (V.O.)
*But the consensus seems to be that
 what we've seen so far is only the
 first stage of infection.*

In the center of the room, a mass pile of corpses, skulls,
 bones, limbs...

Nestling in the darkness, a single INFECTED, crouching on top
 of its mountain of trophies.

But this infected is unlike anything we've seen so far.

Beady little eyes like a snake's. No ears. A large slit
 across the center of its face, stretching from ear to ear...

*...a mouth filled with jagged, razor sharp FANGS, like a
 Venus flytrap.*

An unearthly, demon-like entity. A creature evolved far
 beyond its distant cousins.

MARTI (V.O.)
*So get your rest while you can,
 Captain, because this thing isn't
 over.*

The creature bellows a bloodcurdling *DEATH CRY*... the kind
 that could make our ears bleed...

...SCREECHING with an ungodly reverberation...

...the sound ECHOING forever...

